

LITERARY *Caravade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



Rush That Passerby • A Painting by Albert Dorne

NOVEMBER, 1950 • VOLUME 3 • NUMBER 2

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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1950-51

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OUR FRONT COVER



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significant details which make the work of art more vivid than reality. Mr. Dorne himself is a vivid personality. Some background highlights: Born in poverty in New York City . . . Can look out of his duplex studio apartment and point out the tenement from which his family was once evicted . . . Left school at 13 . . . Had regular job during the day, worked for a commercial artist for nothing at night . . . First time he entered an art school was as a visiting lecturer . . . Organized and is president of Famous Artists Course, which teaches by mail and has on faculty many leading illustrators . . . Art judge in Scholastic Art Awards . . . Works 16 hours a day . . . Still finds time to help struggling youngsters . . . Has loads of friends . . . Is friendly himself.

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LITERARY Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • NOVEMBER, 1950 • VOL. 3, NO. 2

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

your own life or that of another human being—how do you think *you'd* react?

Topics for Discussion

1. "Snake Dance" (p. 1)

What is Jerry's "white lie"? Why does he tell it? Is Jerry contributing to the support of his family? Explain. In your opinion, is a white lie ever justified? Is Jerry's? Give reasons for your answer.

2. "Of Men and Mountains" (p. 6)

Comment on Doug's statement, "We're even Stephen now." How, in your opinion, does Bill get the strength and resolution to save Doug's life? And Bill, Doug's? How many years elapsed between that boyhood climb of Kloochnan Rock and the one the author made in '48? Have Bill and Doug remained friends during all that time? Explain. Account for the indestructibility of the friendship. Is it in any way connected with the Chinese proverb, "The life you save belongs to you"? What, in the author's opinion, is "the great overpowering fear"? Has the author "licked" it? How? Is there a message for America—in fact, for all peoples—in the boys' response to the challenge of Kloochnan Rock? Explain.

3. "Thanasphere" (p. 11)

What is the decision that Lt. General Dane must make at the end of this story? What are the factors that sway him? In your opinion, is his decision the right one? Give reasons for your answer.

4. "Seven Waves Away" (p. 20)

Does the mate make up his mind fairly early in this radio play as to what he will do about the excess passengers? Explain. What factors influence his decision? Does that decision have the approval of other crew members? Who among the crew actually defies him? Why? With what results? Comment on Holmes' statement: "There are the living in this boat who want to keep on living. It is the right of self-preservation, and I believe in it." Do you think he *really* believes in the moral integrity of his

the narrator observes that the mate at the tiller looks "as alone and solitary as anything in heaven or earth." Comment.

Suggested Activities

1. "Snake Dance" (p. 1)

a. Write a 500-word essay on a "little white lie" that *you* once told. What was the result?

b. Ask three other members of the class to join you in a pro-con discussion of the topic: "Should schools and colleges continue the practice of awarding football scholarships?" (The affirmative side will find a strong argument in the career of Dr. Ralph Bunche, 1950 recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize, who went to college on a football scholarship.)

2. "Football in the Heart of Texas" (p. 3)

Write an essay that

a. makes friendly fun of the little idiosyncrasies of people in your state, region, or community; or
b. describes hilarious doings on the local gridiron and bench, and in the cheering section. (Concentrate on one particular game.)

3. "Of Men and Mountains" (p. 6)

a. Talk briefly about a hair-raising experience *you* had while mountain climbing.

b. First, note these two quotations: (1) "Give up security as an ideal . . . It is now clear that if you live at all, you will live dangerously—not only during the instant crisis but for all your lives." (From a recent address by President Henry M. Wriston to the students of Brown University); (2) "The issues that challenge this generation call for bold and daring action. They demand men who live dangerously . . . who place adventure ahead of security . . . it is only when fear is cast out that the full creative energies are unleashed." (William O. Douglas.) Now write a 500-word essay on the topic, "What Price Security?" (Another student may want

examples: Anna Pavlova, Danilova, Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, Mary Ellen Moylan.)

b. Have you seen *The Red Shoes*, starring the Sadler's Wells second ballerina, Moira Shearer? If so, write a review of the movie.

6. Young Voices (p. 18)

a. Read and report on the following Ring Lardner stories: "Some Like Them Cold," "Alibi Ike," "Hairstyle," "The Golden Honeymoon," "A Frame-Up."

b. Write a satirical short story in the style of Ring Lardner. Play up vernacular through monologue or conversation.

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a. Read and report on Stephen Crane's short story, "The Open Boat."

b. According to survivors' reports, John Jacob Astor IV, returning with his bride aboard the ill-fated *Titanic*, relinquished his place in a lifeboat to another passenger and was drowned on April 15, 1912. Make this incident the theme of an original one-act radio play or short story.

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

On the paper you've just received, number from one to twenty. Now imagine that you are taking part in a conversation between two people. The first person makes a comment to which you, presumably, must offer an intelligent response. I'll read each of the comments slowly, emphasizing with my voice the key word. What does the word suggest to you? You have a choice of *three* responses—a., b., or c. opposite the appro-

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Please give us the opportunity to introduce *Literary Cavalcade* to other teachers and their students in your school. We'll be happy to send a sample classroom set if you will give us the teacher's name, school address (if large city, please give postal zone), and the number of copies for distribution to students. Address: *Literary Cavalcade*, 7 East 12 Street, New York 3, New York.

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One-Period Lesson Plan

"No Man Is an Island"

Aim

To show pupils that, even in this competitive and dangerous world of ours, the individual still has a responsibility for "the other fellow."

Motivation

If you were faced with a very difficult choice—for example, whether to save your own life or that of another human being—how do you think *you'd* react?

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decision? Why or why not? Would you say that Holmes is a courageous man? Give reasons for your answer. In a situation like the one described in this play, what is courage? Is it exemplified by some of the passengers, or by members of the crew? Explain. What is *dramatic irony*? (outcome of events contrary to what might have been expected). Is there irony in the speedy arrival of the rescue ship? Give reasons for your answer. At the end of the play, the narrator observes that the mate at the tiller looks "as alone and solitary as anything in heaven or earth." Comment.

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to discuss the merits of the *opposite* view.)

c. Talk briefly about a childhood (or more recent) experience that helped *you* to cast out fear.

4. "Thanasphere" (p. 11)

Write your own science-fiction story. Suggested theme: A scientist discovers a great destructive principle—then decides to suppress his findings for the good of mankind.

5. The Sadler's Wells Ballet (p. 16)

a. Write a "minute biography" of a famous ballerina, past or present. (Examples: Anna Pavlova, Danilova, Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, Mary Ellen Moylan.)

b. Have you seen *The Red Shoes*, starring the Sadler's Wells second ballerina, Moira Shearer? If so, write a review of the movie.

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priate number on your paper, write the *letter* of the correct response. When you've finished, exchange papers with a student near you and we'll check the right answers. Afterwards you'll be allowed about fifteen minutes to use the key words in original sentences.

(Note to teacher: The italicized (*i.e.*, key) words appear in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. A page and column reference in parentheses follows each correct answer.)

1. "I got so fed up with Dink's *arbitrary* rulings that I decided to resign from the committee."
 - a. "He is a rather capricious fellow." (p. 2-1)
 - b. "Aren't you supposed to rise when you address a meeting?"
 - c. "Wasn't he forceful enough?"
2. "That ten-year-old Daniel Webster was no bigger than his *rostrum*."
 - a. "I thought his mother didn't want him to have a dog."
 - b. "I supposed you couldn't even see him behind the speaker's stand." (p. 2-1)
 - c. "What was he doing in Cordovan-leather boots?"
3. "Do you believe that some people wear their individuality like an *aura*?"
 - a. "You mean, like an opera cloak."
 - b. "You mean, like a soft-focus atmosphere?" (p. 3-2)
 - c. "You mean, like a jeweled ornament?"
4. "At that point, I decided that what I needed was a *chiropractor*, not a vacation."
 - a. "Feet been bothering you?"
 - b. "Got an emotional conflict?"
 - c. "Vertebra out of joint?" (p. 3-2)
5. "Where shall I send this *obituary*?"
 - a. "C.O.D., to the address given on the sales slip."
 - b. "To the antique shop on Musgrove Street."
 - c. "To the Editor, Births and Deaths Notices, *The Amityville Bugle*." (p. 4-2)
6. "The book appeared under a *pseudonym*."
 - a. "Anyone with the energy to write a novel should use his own name." (p. 4-2)
 - b. "The latest thing in book jackets."
 - c. "I knew all along that the editor was two jumps ahead of the sheriff."
7. "I hear that the poor boy is under an *interdiction*."
 - a. "One of those green-and-white striped-canvas things?"
8. "And that's my *dilemma*. What's yours?"
9. "Mine is Cyril J. Thorndike, III. Cy for short."
10. "I can't decide between a repulsive blonde and an equally unattractive red-head." (p. 4-1)
11. "My own illness is much more colorful. I get a rare type of rash from eating spaghetti with meatballs."
12. "According to Gladys' kid brother, she's completely *immersed* in her work."
13. "Must be awfully boring."
14. "Why does she pick such over-complicated subjects?"
15. "Must be pretty absorbing." (p. 4-2)
16. "I've never heard such an *inept* speech!"
17. "Small wonder. He's one of the country's greatest orators."
18. "It lifted me clear out of my seat, too."
19. "You'd think he was addressing a funeral—not a wedding reception." (p. 5-1)
20. "The champ entered the ring with an air of *bravado*."
21. "He's always over-confident."
22. "That coolness of his has pulled him through some mighty tough spots."
23. "You mean he's not as courageous as he pretends to be?" (p. 8-1)
24. "Whom do I see about a broken *winch*?"
25. "Try the machinist across the street." (p. 8-1)
26. "I'll give you the name of a good optician."
27. "Dr. Harvey is expert at setting bones."
28. "The thief's flight ended in a *cul-de-sac*."
29. "Was he trapped there by the police?" (p. 8-1)
30. "So he got away after all!"
31. "Did the owner take pity on him and let him in?"
32. "Blind people must *compensate* for their handicap."
33. "I too have learned that prayer helps."
34. "By developing their other senses and faculties to the utmost?" (p. 9-2)
35. "Is that treatment expensive?"
36. "A *joust* was considered great sport in medieval times."
37. "I can't see much fun in fighting on horseback with lances." (p. 9-3)
38. "Wasn't that a primitive form of cricket?"
39. "I think bear-baiting is almost as cruel as bull-fighting."
40. "Like many another great athlete, he seemed to thrive on *adversity*."
41. "Yes? Who were his enemies?"
42. "Some new kind of breakfast food?"
43. "Tell me about his hardships." (p. 10-2)
44. "The *cirrus* eventually killed her."
45. "Was the murderer brought to justice?"
46. "Died of a broken heart, eh?"
47. "Was it pneumonia, streptococcus, or some other type of infection?" (p. 10-3)
48. "Great-grandmother Stephenson remained *indomitable* to the end."
49. "I guess Death was the only thing that could lick her." (p. 10-3)
50. "So that's where you get your sunny disposition!"
51. "I'd like to go that way, too—peacefully, without ever knowing what happened to me."
52. "I'm looking for a good *vantage* point."
53. "Then don't take that seat behind the post." (p. 11-3)
54. "Have you seen our collection of platinum stilettos?"
55. "The only thing I can suggest is this Irish lace."
56. "He responded *apathetically* to her first attempt at conversation."
57. "What was he unhappy about?"
58. "Oh, an eager beaver!"
59. "I can't work up any emotion about what she has to say either." (p. 13-2)

Answers to

"What Do You Remember?"

Snake Dance: 1-F, 2-F, 3-T, 4-T, 5-T. *Football in the Heart of Texas*: a-3, b-1, c-3, d-2, e-2.

Thanasphere: 1-arc, 2-frequency, 3-Cyclops, 4-atmosphere, 5-*Thanasphere*.

An Invitation

Teachers who plan to attend this year's convention of the National Council of Teachers of English at Milwaukee are invited to be our guests at *Scholastic's* Annual Thanksgiving Party and Buffet Supper. Please use the invitation form in the Teacher Edition of the weekly *Senior Scholastic* or *Practical English*.



Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy

The cheering college crowd

was calling for Jerry—

Jerry was a special kind of hero

By **COREY FORD**

Snake Dance

HELLO. That you, Mom? . . . Oh, I'm sorry, operator, I thought I was connected with . . . No, I'm trying to get long-distance. . . . What? Centerville, Ohio, twelve ring five, I told that other operator . . . What? . . . I am holding it."

He fished nervously in his pocket for a pack of cigarettes, pulled one cigarette out of the pack with his thumb and forefinger, and stuck it swiftly between his lips. He glanced at his watch and scowled. The game had been over for a half hour. The snake dance would be coming down the street this way any minute now. With his free hand he tore a match from the paper safe, and propped the telephone receiver for a moment between shoulder and ear while he struck the match on the flap. As he put the match to the tip of the cigarette, a thin voice rasped vaguely inside the receiver, and he whipped out the match.

"Hello, Mom? . . . Oh, I'm sorry," he mumbled. "How much?" He took a handful of silver from his pocket and began to drop the coins into the slot of the pay telephone. He could hear someone speaking above the echoing reverberations inside the phone.

"What? Oh, Mom? Hello, Mom. This is Jerry. I say, this is . . . Can you hear me now? . . . Sure, I can hear you fine. . . . Sure, I'm all right. I'm fine. And you? . . . That's fine."

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"Mom,"—and his voice seemed to falter for a fraction of a second. Then: "How is he? Is there any change?"

There was a tiny silence.

"Oh." His voice was a little duller when he spoke again. "I see. Yeh. This afternoon, eh? And that other specialist—he said the same thing? Umhmm . . . oh, sure, sure. No, of course, Mom, there's nothing to worry about. No, I'm not worried; I only just called to find out if there was any change, that was all. . . . Did they say if he could ever—I mean, can he move his arms any yet?" He gulped. "Well, that doesn't mean anything, really. . . . No, of course, all those things take time. Sure, a year, or maybe even less. . . . What?"

"What money? Oh, you mean I sent you last week? Now, Mom," impatiently, "I told you all about that already in the letter, didn't I? . . . Sure it's a scholarship. I got it for playing football. And so naturally I didn't need all that money you and Pop had been saving up for me to go to college, and so I just thought maybe, with Pop being laid up now for a while and all. . . .

"Where? Why, right here." He frowned. "No, this isn't exactly a dormitory; it's—I live here in the fraternity house, you see. Sure I'm in a fraternity. It's the one Pop wanted me to join, too, tell him. . . . No, honest, Mom, it doesn't cost me a cent for my room. It's on account of my football."

He opened the folding door a little. He thought he could hear the band in the distance.

"Who, me? Homesick? Not so you'd

notice it." He laughed. "I'm having the time of my life here. Everybody's so swell. I know practically everybody here at Dover already. They all even call me by my first name. Say, if you don't think I'm sitting pretty, you ought to see my fraternity house here." He gazed out through the glass door of the phone booth.

"Every night the fellows sit around and we chew the fat or we . . . Oh, no, Mom! We just go down to Semple's for a milk shake. . . . No, that's only the drug store. . . . No." He smiled slowly. "I promised you I wouldn't drink, Mom."

In the distance now he could hear the sound of the band approaching.

"Well, Mom, I gotta hang up now. The gang'll be here in a minute. We're having a celebration after the game today. We played Alvord—took 'em sixteen to nothing. . . . Sure I did, the whole game; you oughta seen me in there. Everybody's going down to Semple's after the game, and I gotta be ready, because, of course, they'll all

About the Author . . .

Corey Ford says that most of his writing is done between fishing expeditions and that his chief claim to distinction is the fact that a trout fly has been named after him. The Corey Ford fly has a grey tail and cream-colored body. (Mr. Ford, however, has no tail, and his body is usually in the conventional pink.) Ford winters on a North Carolina farm where he trains bird dogs, but his home is in New Hampshire. A popular magazine writer, Ford is also author of about a dozen books and has worked in Hollywood. Recently he prepared a series of articles on our defenses in Alaska.



I'm going to be sending you about ten or twelve dollars or so each week from now on until Pop is better. . . . No, Mom. Heck. I got plenty. Sure, they always fix you up with a soft job if you're a good enough player. The alumni do it. . . . Here they are now. Hear them?"

The band had halted outside. Someone led a cheer.

"That's for me, mom. . . . Sure. Didn't I practically win the game for them today? Hear that?" He kicked open the door of the phone booth.

He held the receiver toward the open door of the phone booth. They were calling, "Jerry!" "Hey, Jerry, hang up on that babe!"

"Hear that, Mom? Now good-by. And look, by the way, if you should ever happen to see Helen," he added carelessly, "tell her I'm sorry I couldn't ask her up to the freshman dance like I'd planned, but with the football season and my scholarship and all . . . tell her, Mom. She—she didn't answer my last letter. O. K., Mom. Tell Pop everything's O. K., see? Now don't worry. . . . By."

He replaced the receiver slowly on the hook and stared at the mouthpiece a moment. As he opened the door and stepped out of the booth, he could see his reflection for a moment in the tall mirror behind the soda fountain—the familiar white cap, the white jacket with "Semple's" stitched in red letters on the pocket. The crowd was lined along the soda fountain, shouting, "Jerry!" "Milk shake, Jerry!"

What Do You Think?

- Is a "white lie" such as Jerry's in "Snake Dance" ever justified?
- Would Jerry have been wiser to tell his mother the truth? If she eventually discovers the truth, how will she feel?
- What do you feel is Jerry's attitude toward football scholarships and "soft jobs" for college football players? What is your attitude?

The Birds and the Foxes

by JAMES THURBER

Once upon a time there was a bird sanctuary in which hundreds of Baltimore orioles lived together happily. The refuge consisted of a forest entirely surrounded by a high wire fence. When it was put up, a pack of foxes who lived nearby protested that it was an arbitrary and unnatural boundary. However, they did nothing about it at the time because they were interested in civilizing the geese and ducks on the neighboring farms. When all the geese and ducks had been civilized, and there was nothing else left to eat, the foxes once more turned their attention to the bird sanctuary. Their leader announced that there had once been foxes in the sanctuary but that they had been driven out. He proclaimed that Baltimore orioles belonged in Baltimore. He said, furthermore, that the orioles in the sanctuary were a continuous menace to the peace of the world. The other animals cautioned the foxes not to disturb the birds in their sanctuary.

So the foxes attacked the sanctuary one night and tore down the fence that surrounded it. The orioles rushed out and were instantly killed and eaten by the foxes.

The next day the leader of the foxes, a fox from whom God was receiving daily guidance, got upon the rostrum and addressed the other foxes. His message was simple and sublime. "You see before you," he said, "another Lincoln. We have liberated all those birds!"

Moral: Government of the orioles, by the foxes, and for the foxes, must perish from the earth.

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WE ENTERED Texas at the extreme western tip of the state, and immediately I started squinting. It was a Texas mannerism I picked up many years ago—in Florida. The man from whom I learned Texas-style squinting was Jac Sheldon, a dynamic real-estate salesman. He was a handsome and worldly fellow who had been known to spend as much as eight dollars for a beautiful silk shirt with red stripes in it. He drove a sporty automobile, and every girl in town sighed whenever he drove in view. And now and then he squinted.

One day we were in a ball park watching the St. Louis Cardinals at practice, and Jac went into an impressive squint. He would poke his head forward a couple of inches, close his eyes until they were slits, and peer at the ballplayers. I was a terrible dope and didn't ask him why he squinted that way, which is what he wanted me to do. Finally he raised the question.

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Football in the Heart of Texas

By H. ALLEN SMITH

"Notice how I was squinting just then?" he said.

"Yes."

"Know why I have a habit of squinting like that?"

"No, why?"

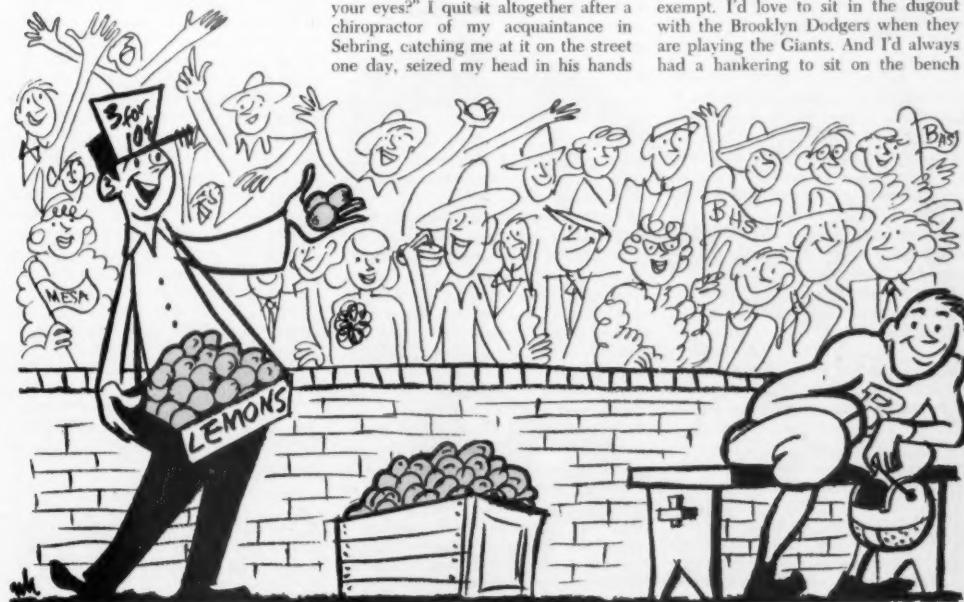
"I come from Texas," he said. "Grew up on the Texas plains. Out there a man has to squint to see far distances. Any time you're in Texas you've got to look far distances, and if you want to look far distances you've got to squint. It's a habit I've never been able to get over. I'm glad you asked me about it."

Up to then I hadn't given much thought to squinting, but now it took on an aura of romantic significance, since Jac was a romantic figure, and I began squinting at once. I never got real convincing at it, and people used to say, "Something the matter with your eyes?" I quit it altogether after a chiropractor of my acquaintance in Sebring, catching me at it on the street one day, seized my head in his hands

and gave it an abrupt jerk and then explained that I had been exhibiting symptoms of having some tilted vertebrae in my neck.

So now that we were in Texas I remembered, and I squinted all the way down to El Paso and then forgot about it, because the people of this wonderful city descended upon me. One of them, Grenville Mott, a sports writer turned press agent, told us about a football game scheduled for the next evening. Bowie High, of El Paso, was to meet an old rival, Mesa High, champions of Arizona. The game was of more than passing interest to me because Bowie High School's student body was entirely of Mexican descent. Mr. Mott said that these boys were first-rate football players.

My own personal ambitions are slight. I'd like to have a million dollars. Or, better yet, five hundred dollars tax exempt. I'd love to sit in the dugout with the Brooklyn Dodgers when they are playing the Giants. And I'd always had a hankering to sit on the bench



with the coach during a football game. I mentioned this to Mr. Mott, and he telephoned Guy Davidson, the Bowie coach, and Mr. Davidson said certainly I could sit with him.

The Bowie students are forbidden to speak Spanish in school, and that interdiction prevails in all student activity including football. The players are required to speak English on the field and on the bench. Mr. Mott said, however, that they revert to Spanish in the heat of combat, and, since I understand no Spanish, I had a problem.

Coach Davidson was an Anglo-Texan, so I would be able to understand him, but what about the players? My Spanish-speaking wife, who has trouble saying *frijoles*, overcame the dilemma for me, going out to a drugstore and purchasing a 25-cent pamphlet entitled *Spanish in One Day*. She said that I should keep this booklet in my hand, simply listen to the Spanish conversation, pick phrases from it, check them in the book, and I'd know what was going on.

We got to Jones Stadium ten minutes before kickoff time, and Mr. Mott introduced me to Coach Davidson. He was a tough and rugged Texan, but he was nervous now, pacing up and down and shouting orders.

"You set there," he said, pointing to a vacant place on the bench. "That's where I set, and I'll be with you later."

He never once got onto that bench. All through the game he roved the sidelines. Bowie was the underdog; nobody expected the Mexican boys to win over the Arizona champs. The Mexican kids paid no attention to me or the rule about speaking English and babbled in Spanish, so I got out the little book. It was full of things in Spanish to say on specific occasions such as in a café, in a hotel; *my lines is dirty when do I get it back, I want this today without fail, where is the railroad station, my tires need air I believe, my head and all my body aches, road under repair, give me a Turkish bath*. None of these phrases appealed to me as suitable for use at the moment. I searched farther and found:

*Eggs, boiled or fried; clear soup.
Let us take a walk. Drive.
Where are you going? Listen to me.
This is a very bad day.
Have you slept well?
I have, thank you, and you?
I feel cold; warm; as usual.*

I didn't want to try to speak it. I didn't want to say, "Have you slept well?" because some boy just coming out of the game might take it as an insult. I searched the book for a sen-

About the Author . . .

Fred Allen has designated H. Allen Smith as "the screwball's Boswell." This is perhaps as good an explanation as any as to why the Illinois-born author of *Low Man on a Totem Pole* and *Life in a Putty Knife Factory* is one of the most popular of today's humorists.

Mr. Smith developed his unique skills in the field of journalism. Initiated as a proofreader on the Huntington (Ind.) *Press*, Smith rose rapidly from proofreading to the writing of obituaries, and within six months he was writing "an irregular column" under the pseudonym of Miss Ella Vator. At 19, he became the editor of a lively daily, the Sebring (Fla.) *American*, and since then has held a variety of jobs on many newspapers.



tence that might reasonably be employed by the Mexican kids around me and settled on "*This is a very bad day*," and studied the sound of it, given as "*Oi es oon dee-ah moo-ee fay-o*." Then I listened, but I never heard it, possibly because this was not a very bad day for Bowie, but a very good night, inasmuch as they were beating the Arizona champions.

Coach Davidson was roving back and forth along the side lines, and several times I got up and went out and walked with him. I don't think he knew I was there. He was immersed in tactical schemings. He had decided that his boys could achieve nothing through running plays and wanted Galarza to pass.

He'd stand there and watch Galarza throw passes on three or four consecutive plays, and then he'd yell for a substitute.

"Armando!" he'd shout, and Armando would come off the bench. "Git in there! Tell 'im to chunk that ball! Tell 'im I said to chunk it!"

Armando would race onto the field and whisper to Galarza. Galarza would pass. Galarza would pass again. Galarza would throw another pass. Galarza would pass one more time. Then Ochoa would try an end run. And Coach Davidson would scream and stomp the ground. "I tol' 'im to chunk it! Euzaraga! Git in there, and tell 'im I want 'im to chunk that ball! Chunk it! Hear me? Chunk . . . that ball!"

When he said chunk it he meant chunk it—he didn't want anything remotely resembling a ground play. Personally I thought it was a silly piece of generalship. I wouldn't have played it that way at all—constant passing is ridiculous. The very idea, calling for nothing whatever but pass, or chunk, plays! Bowie won 20 to 14.

All during the game the high-school

kids in the stands threw lemons at us. Each time Bowie scored or recovered a fumble a shower of lemons came arching out of the stands. Obviously the throwing of lemons was a gesture signifying exuberance, but I figured it had some deeper significance rooted in folklore. I sat for a while next to the Bowie team's doctor and asked him about it.

"Mexican kids always throw lemons at football games," he said.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's just their way of rooting."

The answers I got from most of the Mexican players were no more informative than that one, until I reached Carlos Hermosillo, a substitute guard. He said the custom of throwing lemons originated among the cheerleaders.

A cheerleader in the Southwest is under a severe handicap because of the climate. His mouth dries out in a hurry. He got into the habit of bringing a lemon along, punching a hole in it, and taking a suck at it now and then. Sometimes when he had sucked all the juice out and a moment of great excitement came in the game he'd throw his empty lemon onto the field. In time most of the rooters began bringing lemons to the games, and now the throwing of lemons is as firmly established in the folkways of Texas as the tradition that no cowboy wants to be buried on the lone prairie.

Please note that there is a suggestion of intelligence back of all human behavior, no matter how screwy it looks at first.

ALPINE is a small town in West Texas, and we drove straight through it and were a couple of miles east of it when I pulled up at the side of the road and remarked that there was

something about the place that appealed to me. We went back and found a fairly large hotel called the Holland.

There was a football game in town that evening, and we soon learned that everyone in Alpine was going to attend. Fifteen minutes before kickoff time there wasn't a soul in the hotel lobby, and along the main street all the stores were dark despite the fact that it was a Saturday night. The little movie house had its marquee lights twinkling, but we saw no customers going in. So we hopped in the car, drove over to the field and found seats in the stand. The local teachers' college was playing somebody—I can't even remember the name of the invading force.

It was a runaway for the Alpines. All through the first half they scored at will. The way it looked to me, the visitors were so clumsy and inept that the Alpine boys could make a touchdown any time they felt like it. So when the half ended I decided I had seen enough.

"Some football," I said. "Let's get out of there. These people don't know anything about the game."

It wasn't until a month later when we were back home that I learned we had been watching one of the greatest football teams of the entire Southwest. The local teachers' college in Alpine was Sul Ross, and that team went through the season undefeated, and its backfield stars were among the nation's top scorers and played in one of the bowl games. And I walked out on them at the half, without ever throwing a lemon.

In Alpine we began to acquire an awareness of the fact that Texans regard their state not only as a country in itself, but a world in itself. At that football game just as we reached our seats the school band paraded onto the field, went into position facing the crowd, and everyone stood up. The men removed their hats and placed them over their hearts and those without hats placed their hands there. I waited for the opening bars of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, but they didn't come. Instead the band played *I've Been Workin' on the Railroad*. That is unofficially the Texas anthem, and when it is played strong men bow their heads and sometimes make a silent vow to destroy Oklahoma.

The tune is the railroad song, but the words are different, and the anthem is called "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You." This was a phrase used frequently years ago by the president of the young university at Austin. Apparently his students were not too interested in education, so he would remind them now and then that the eyes of Texas

were upon them. One day when they were getting up a campus minstrel show they decided to poke some fun at the prey's nagging cry concerning the eyes of Texas. They used the railroad tune and wrote new words, and a joke became an anthem, and today if you are in Texas and hear that music and don't get to your feet, you're likely to be jerked there.

It was in Alpine that an elderly citizen disappeared for a couple of weeks, and when he turned up someone asked him where he had been.

"Been travelin'," he said.

"Where'd you go?"

"Went as far east as I could git without gittin' outa the country."

"New York?"

"Corpus," he said.

TEXAS brags, and the rest of the country whines about it. Those of us who do the whining are, I think, more at fault than the talking Texans. I got terribly tired of listening to them yammer about the glories of their state. The underlying reason for my irritation was this: they say they've got the biggest this and the most that and the goldarndest this and the ripsnortiness that, and they go on and on with it—and the maddening thing about it is: *they've really got it!*

They've got everything. We saw only a small portion of their empire (nobody

has ever seen it all), yet we looked at every known kind of scenery except icebergs. They've got deserts and craggy mountains and jungles and swamps and vast prairies and fertile farmlands and seaports. They've got every kind of weather from hurricanes to blinding heat to tornadoes to chilling northerns to sub-zero blizzards. They've got cities that will probably outstrip Chicago before very long. They have their own anthem and their own flag, and while we were in San Antonio the newspapers announced with eight-column banner lines that Texas was reorganizing her own Navy—seven vessels, donated by private citizens. They are as friendly to the visitor as any people on earth so long as the visitor doesn't begin telling them what they ought to do. They want "foreigners" to like them. I think the rest of us should admire them and respect them because, after all, they won the war. They told me so themselves.

Illustrations by William Hogarth



A Supreme Court Justice describes a rock-climbing feat

that demanded the utmost in courage—and faith

• • • a book excerpt

KLOOCHMAN ROCK stands on the southern side of the Tieton Basin in the Cascades. It is an oval-shaped lava rock, running lengthwise northwest by southeast, a half-mile or more. It rises 2000 feet above the basin. The first third of its elevation is gained through gentle slopes of pine and fir. Next are a few hundred yards of tumbled rock. Then there is the cliff rising to the sky, 1200 feet or more—straight as the Washington Monument and over twice as high.

I climbed Kloochnan in the summer of 1948. My climb was a leisurely one. There are vast rock fields at the base of the towering cliffs—rock fields fringed with willow, Douglas maple, creambush, currant, and serviceberry. I skirted the base of the rock and finally found on the east an easy incline leading to the top.

There were fleecy clouds in the west. All else was clear. At my feet lay the milky Tieton Reservoir, stretching for miles behind the concrete dam between Westfall Rocks and Goose Egg, ancient landmarks that I had known as a boy.

As I sat on top of Kloochnan that afternoon, I relived an earlier ascent of my youth—far from being so leisurely and peaceful.

It was in 1913 when Doug [Douglas Corpron, one of the doctors who attended the author after his nearly fatal horseback accident last year] was 19 and I was not quite 15 that the two of us made this climb of Kloochnan. Doug and I were camped in the Tieton Basin at a soda spring. We were traveling light, one blanket each. The night, I recall, was so bitter cold that we took turns refueling the campfire so that we could keep our backs warm enough to sleep. We rose at the first show of dawn and cooked frying-pan bread and trout for breakfast. We had not planned to climb Kloochnan, but the challenge came as the sun touched her crest.

After breakfast we started circling the rock. There are fairly easy routes up Kloochnan, but we shunned them. When we came to the southeast face (the one that never has been conquered, I believe), we chose it. The

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OF MEN AND

By **WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS**

Illustrated by Charles Beck

July day was warm and cloudless. Doug led. The beginning was easy. For 100 feet or so we found ledges six to twelve inches wide we could follow to the left or right. Some ledges ran up the rock ten feet or more at a gentle grade. Others were merely steps to a higher ledge. Thus, by hugging the wall we could either ease upward or hoist ourselves from one ledge to another.

When we were about 100 feet up the wall, the ledges became narrower and footwork more precarious. Doug suggested we take off our shoes. This we did, tying them behind us on our belts. In stocking feet we wormed up the wall, clinging like flies to the rock. We gingerly tested each toehold and fingerhold for loose rock before putting our weight on it. At times we had to inch along sideways, our stomachs pressed tightly against the rock, in order to gain a point where we could reach the ledge above. If we got on a ledge that turned out to be a cul-de-sac, the much more dangerous task of going down the rock wall would confront us. Hence we picked our route with care and weighed the advantages of several choices which frequently were given us. At times we could not climb easily from one ledge to another. The one above might be a foot or so high. Then we would have to reach it with one knee, slowly bring the other knee up, and then, delicately balancing on both knees on the upper ledge, come slowly to our feet by pressing close to the wall and getting such purchase with our fingers as the lava rock permitted.

In that tortuous way we made perhaps 600 feet in two hours. It was late forenoon when we stopped to appraise our situation. We were in serious trouble. We had reached the feared cul-de-sac. The two- or three-inch ledge on which we stood ended. There seemed none above us within Doug's reach. I was longer-legged than Doug; so perhaps I could have reached some ledge with my fingers if I were ahead. But it was impossible to change positions on the wall. Doug was ahead and there he must stay.

Feeling along the wall, Doug discovered a tiny groove into which he could press the tips of the fingers of his left hand. It might help him maintain balance as his weight began to shift from the lower ledge to the upper one. But there was within reach not even a lip of rock for his right hand. Just out of reach, however, was a substantial crevice, one that would hold several men. How could Doug reach it? I could not boost him, for my own balance was insecure. Clearly, Doug would have to jump to reach it—and he would have but one jump. Since he was standing on a ledge only a few inches wide, he could not expect to jump for his handhold, miss it, and land safely. A slip meant he would go hurtling down some 600 feet onto the rocks. After much discussion and indecision, Doug decided to take the chance.

He asked me to do him a favor: If he failed and fell, I might still make it, since I was longer-legged; would I give certain messages to his family in that event? I nodded.

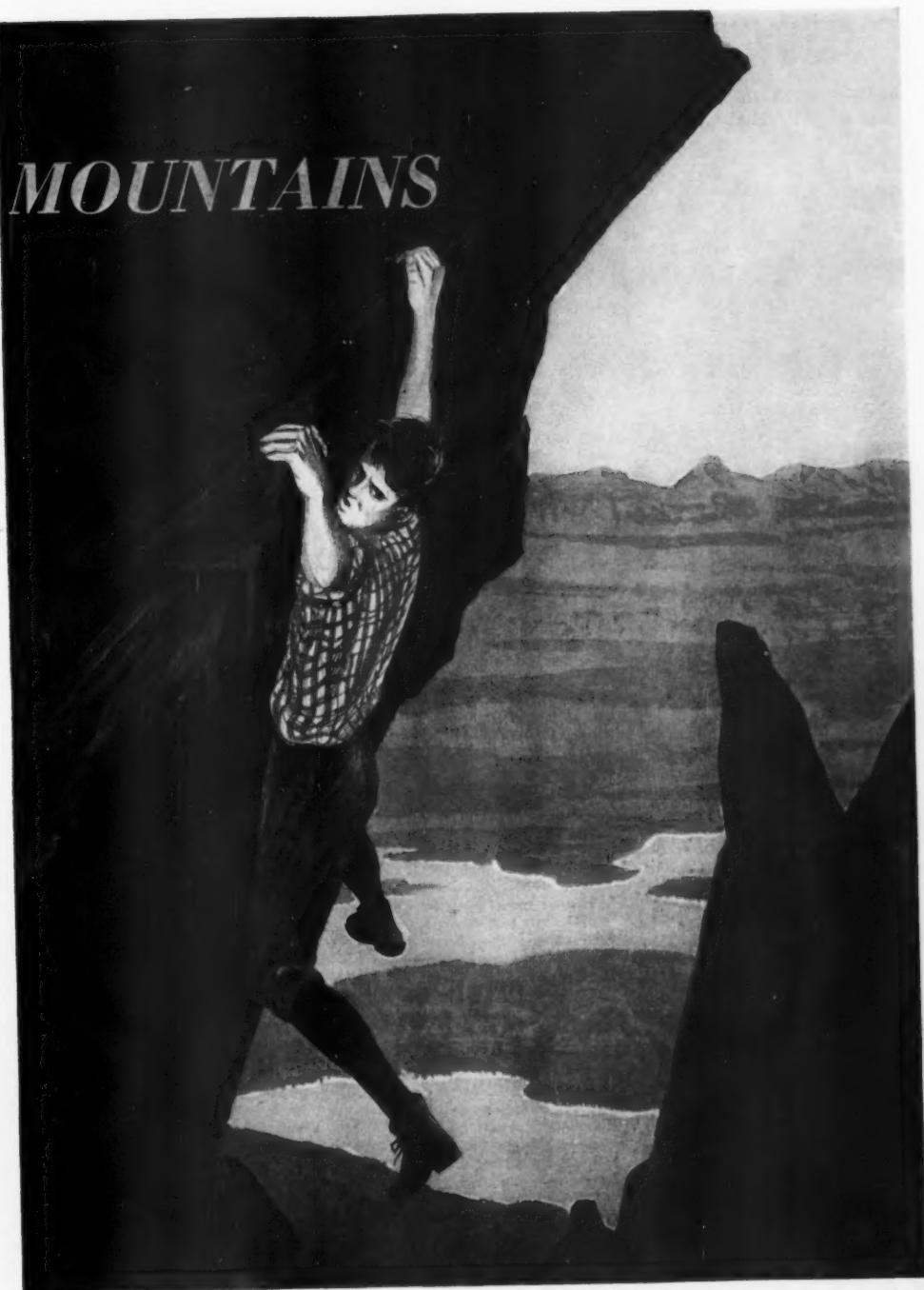
"Then listen carefully," he told me. "Tell Mother that I love her dearly. Tell her I think she is the most wonderful person in the world. Tell her not to worry—that I did not suffer, that God willed it so. Tell Sister that I have been a mean little devil but I had no malice toward her. Tell her I love her too—that some day I wanted to marry a girl as wholesome and cheery and good as she.

"Tell Dad I was brave and died unafraid. Tell him about our climb in detail. Tell Dad I have always been proud of him, that some day I had planned to be a doctor too. Tell him I lived a clean life, that I never did anything to make him ashamed. . . . Tell Mother, Sister, and Dad I prayed for them."

Every word burned into me. My heart was sick; my lips quivered. I pressed my face against the rock so Doug could not see. I wept.

All was silent. A pebble fell from the ledge on which I squeezed. I counted seconds before it hit 600 feet below with a faint faraway tinkling.

MOUNTAINS



sound. Would Doug drop through the same space? Would I follow? When you fall 600 feet, do you die before you hit the bottom? Closing my eyes, I asked God to help Doug up the wall.

In a second Doug said in a cheery voice, "Well, here goes."

A false bravado took hold of us. I said he could do it. He said he would. He wiped first one hand, then the other on his trousers. He placed both palms against the wall, bent his knees slowly, paused a split second, and jumped straight up. It was not much of a jump—only six inches or so. But that jump by one pressed against a cliff 600 feet in the air had dare-devil proportions. I held my breath; my heart pounded.

Doug made the jump, and in a second was hanging by two hands from a strong wide ledge. There was no toehold; he would have to hoist himself by his arms alone. His body went slowly up as if pulled by some unseen winch. Soon he had the weight of his body above the ledge and was resting on the palms of his hands. He then put his left knee on the ledge, rolled over on his side, and chuckled as he said, "Nothing to it."

AGREATER disappointment followed. Doug's exploration of the ledge showed he was in a final cul-de-sac. There was no way up. There was not even a higher ledge he could reach by jumping. We were now faced with the nightmare of going down the sheer rock wall. We could not go down frontwards because the ledges were too narrow and the wall too steep. We needed our toes, not our heels, on the rock, and we needed to have our stomachs pressed tightly against it. Then we could perhaps feel our way. But as every rock expert knows, descent of a cliff without ropes is often much more difficult than ascent.

That difficulty was impressed on us by the first move. Doug had to leave the ledge he had reached by jumping. He dared not slide blindly to the skimpy ledge he had just left. I must help him. I must move up the wall and stand closer to him. Though I could not possibly hold his weight, I must exert sufficient pressure to slow up his descent and to direct his toes onto the narrow ledge from which he had just jumped.

I was hanging to the rock like a fly, 12 feet or more to Doug's left. I inched my way toward him, first dropping to a lower ledge and then climbing to a higher one, using such toeholds as the rock afforded and edging my way crabwise.

When I reached him, I said, "Now I'll help."

Doug lowered himself and hung by his fingers full length. His feet were about six inches above the ledge from which he had jumped. He was now my responsibility. If he dropped without aid or direction he was gone. He could not catch and hold to the scanty ledge. I had little space for maneuvering. The surface on which I stood was not more than three inches wide. My left hand found an overhead crevice that gave a solid anchor in case my feet slipped.

I placed my right hand in the small of Doug's back and pressed upward with all my might. "Now you can come," I said.

He let go gently, and the full weight of his body came against my arm. My arm trembled under the tension. My left hand hung onto the crack in the rock like a grappling hook. My stomach pressed against the wall as if to find mucilage in its pores. My toes dug in as I threw in every ounce of strength.

Down Doug came—a full inch. I couldn't help glancing down and seeing the rocks 600 feet below.

Down Doug moved another inch, then a third. My left hand seemed paralyzed. The muscles of my toes were aching. My right arm shook. I could not hold much longer.

Down came Doug a fourth inch. I thought he was headed for destruction. His feet would miss the only toehold within reach. I could not possibly hold him. He would plunge to his death because my arm was not strong enough to hold him. The messages he had given for his family raced through my mind. And I saw myself, sick and ashamed, standing before them, testifying to my inadequacy, repeating his last words.

"Steady, Doug. The ledge is a foot to your right." He pawed the wall with the toes of his foot, searching.

"I can't find it. Don't let go."

The crisis was on us. Even if I had been safely anchored, my cramped position would have kept me from helping him much more. I felt helpless. In a few seconds I would reach the physical breaking point and Doug would go hurtling off the cliff.

I will never know how I did it. But I tapped some reserve and directed his right foot onto the ledge from which he had earlier jumped. I did it by standing for a moment on my left foot alone and then using my right leg as a rod to guide his right foot to the ledge his swinging feet had missed.

His toes grabbed the ledge as if they were the talons of a bird. My right leg swung back to my perch.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"Yes," said Doug. "Good work."

My right arm fell from him, numb

and useless. I shook from exhaustion and for the first time noticed that my face was wet with perspiration. We stood against the rock in silence for several minutes, relaxing and regaining our composure.

Doug said: "Let's throw our shoes down. It will be easier going."

Our descent was painfully slow but uneventful. We went down backwards, weaving a strange pattern across the face of the cliff as we moved from one side to the other. It was perhaps mid-afternoon when we reached the bottom, retrieved our shoes, and started around the other side of the rock. We left the southeast wall unconquered.

But, being young, we were determined to climb the rock. So once more we started to circle. When we came to the northwest wall, we selected it as our route.

HERE, too, is a cliff rising 1000 feet like some unfinished pyramid. But close examination shows numerous toe- and fingerholds that make the start at least fairly easy. We set out with our shoes on.

Again it was fairly easy going for 100 feet or so. Then Doug, who was ahead, came to a ledge to which he could not step. On later climbs we would send the longer-legged chap ahead. And on other occasions Doug himself has used a rope to traverse this spot. But this day success of the climb depended at this point on Doug's short legs alone. The ledge to which he must move was up to his hips. There were few fingerholds overhead, and none firm enough to carry his whole weight. Only a few tiny cracks were within reach to serve as purchase for him. But Doug would not give up.

He hitched up his trousers, and grasped a tiny groove of rock with the tips of the fingers of his left hand, pressing his right hand flat against the smooth rock wall as if it had magical sticking power. Slowly he lifted his left knee until it was slightly over the ledge above him. To do so he had to stand on tiptoe on his right foot. Pulling with his left hand, he brought his right knee up. Doug was now on both knees on the upper ledge. If he could find good purchase overhead for his hands, he was safe. His hands explored the wall above him. He moved them slowly over most of it without finding a hold. Then he reached straight above his head and cried out, "This is our lucky day."

He had found strong rough edges of rock, and on this quickly pulled himself up. His hands were on a ledge a foot wide. He lay down on it and grasped my outstretched hand. The

About the Author . . .

WHEN President Roosevelt appointed William O. Douglas as a Supreme Court Justice in 1939, Douglas became the youngest man to fill that position in 125 years. At 41, lean, sandy-haired Bill Douglas already had a distinguished record as a college professor and as an expert in the field of corporation law.

However, Justice Douglas' autobiography, *Of Men and Mountains*, from which we have reprinted a chapter, is not a chronicle of his professional career, but rather an account of trout-fishing, of the fine art of horsemanship, of sleeping in 15 feet of snow, and of the men who have shared such experiences with him. From Douglas' description of his adventures in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest emerges a portrait of a man of rare physical and spiritual courage.

Bill Douglas came to the top the hard way. Time and again it was the "sheer guts" that enabled him to scale Kloc'h'man that carried the day against he ivy odds.

Douglas was born in Maine, Minn., but grew up in Yakima, Wash., where his mother settled with her three children after her husband's death. Keeping her family fed and shod was a struggle for Mrs. Douglas, and as soon as Bill was old enough to work, he ran errands, mowed lawns, and worked in stores.

As a child, Douglas nearly died of infantile paralysis. The after-effects of the paralysis left him frail, and when he entered high school, the other boys looked on him as a weakling. Douglas



wasn't satisfied to compensate for his handicap by excelling others in the classroom. He began trekking through the foothills of Washington to strengthen his spindly legs. By the time he was 15, he was rugged enough to attempt the strenuous rock-climbing he describes in *Of Men and Mountains*.

There was no money in the family exchequer for Bill to go to college, but he won a tuition scholarship to Whitman College in Walla Walla, Wash., and eked out his board (and contributed to the support of his family at the same time!) by working in a jewelry store, waiting tables, and janitoring. Summer, he picked cherries, made fruit boxes, and worked in the wheat fields. In college he was elected to the debating team and Phi Beta Kappa, as well as to the presidency of the student body.

pull of his strong arm against the drop of 100 feet or more was as comforting an experience as any I can recall. In a jiffy I was at his side. We pounded each other on the shoulders and laughed.

My own most serious trouble was yet to come. For a while Doug and I were separated. I worked laterally along a ledge to the south, found easier going, and in a short time was 200 feet or more up the rock wall. I was above Doug, 25 feet or so, and 50 feet to his right. We had been extremely careful to test each toe- and fingerhold before putting our trust in it. Kloc'h'man is full of treacherous rocks. We often discovered thin ledges that crumbled under pressure and showered handfuls of rock and dust down below. Perhaps I was careless; but whatever the cause, the thin ledge on which I was standing gave way.

As I felt it slip, I grabbed for a hold above me. The crevass I seized was solid. But there I was, hanging by my

hands 200 feet in the air, my feet pawing the rock. To make matters worse, my camera had swung between me and the cliff when I slipped. It was a crude and clumsy instrument, a box type that I carried on a leather strap across my shoulders. Its bulk was actually pushing me from the cliff. I twisted in an endeavor to get rid of it, but it was firmly lodged between me and the wall.

I yelled to Doug for help. He at once started edging toward me. It seemed hours, though it was probably not over a few minutes. He shouted, "Hang on, I'll be there."

Hang on I did. My fingers ached beyond description. They were frozen to the rock. My exertion in pawing with my feet had added to the fatigue. The ache of my fingers extended to my wrists and then along my arms. I stopped thrashing around and hung like a sack, motionless. Every second seemed a minute, every minute an

After his graduation from Whitman, Douglas took a job teaching English and Latin in Yakima H. S., hoping to save enough from his salary to attend law school. When this proved a vain hope, Douglas hopped a Chicago-bound train as a sheep-tender—his ultimate destination New York and Columbia Law School.

He arrived in New York in September, 1922, with 12 cents in his pocket and bulldozed his way through law school with the same grit that had carried him through college. Graduating second in his class, he went into the field of corporation law where his brilliant work resulted in his appointment in 1937 as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal agency which supervises the sale of stocks and bonds.

Between law assignments, Douglas taught law at Columbia and at Yale and was considered by many to be the best professor of law in the country.

Nowadays, whatever time Douglas can spare from his Supreme Court duties, he spends with his wife, son, and daughter or at the outdoor pursuits he has always loved. A year ago Justice Douglas jostled with death when his horse fell on him in a freak accident on a mountain trail. The resulting chest injuries would have killed any man of less rugged constitution and less determination to live.

Last summer Justice Douglas spent some time in Iran where he lived for a week with each of the four principal Iranian tribes. He returned home by way of India to which he detoured to prepare for a mountain-climbing expedition in the Himalayas next year.

hour. I did not see how I could possibly hold.

I would slip, I thought, slip to sure death. I could not look down because of my position. But in my mind's eye I saw in sharp outline the jagged rocks that seemed to pull me toward them. The camera kept pushing my fingers from the ledge. I felt them move. They began to give way before the pull of a force too great for flesh to resist.

Fright grew in me. The idea of hanging helpless 200 feet above the abyss brought panic. I cried out to Doug but the words caught in my dry throat. I was like one in a nightmare who struggles to shout—who is then seized with a fear that promises to destroy him.

Then there flashed through my mind a family scene. Mother was sitting in the living room talking to me, telling me what a wonderful man Father was. She told me of his last illness and his death. She told me of his departure

from Cleveland, Washington to Portland, Oregon for what proved to be a fatal operation. His last words to her were: "If I die it will be glory. If I live, it will be grace."

The panic passed. The memory of those words restored reason. Glory to die? I could not understand why it would be glory to die. It would be glory to live. But as Father said, it might take grace to live, grace from One more powerful than Doug or I.

And so again that day I prayed. I asked God to save my life, to save me from destruction on this rock wall. I asked God to make fingers strong, to give me strength to hang on. I asked God to give me courage, to make me unafraid. I asked God to give me guts, to give me power to do the impossible.

My fingers were as numb as flesh that is full of novacaine. They seemed detached from me, as if they belonged to someone else. My wrists, my shoulders cried out for respite from the pain.

Hang on? You can't hang on. You are a weakling. The weaklings die in the woods.

Weakling? I'll show you. How long must I hang on? All day? OK, all day then. I'll hang on, I'll hang on. O God, dear God, help me hang on!

I felt someone pushing my left foot upwards. It was Doug. As if through a dream his voice was saying, "Your feet are 18 inches below your toehold." Doug found those toeholds for my feet.

I felt my shoes resting in solid cracks. I pulled myself up and leaned on my elbows on the ledge to which my hands had been glued. I flexed my fingers and bent my wrists to bring life back.

Doug came up abreast of me, and said, "We're even Stephen now."

"Even Stephen?"

"Today each of us has saved the other's life."

IT WAS shortly above the point where Doug saved my life that we discovered a classic path up Kloochman. It is a three-sided chimney chute, a few feet wide, that leads almost to the top. There are several such chutes on Kloochman. In later years Cragg Gilbert and Louis Ulrich went up Devil's Chimney on the northeast face in a seven-hour nerve-wracking climb with ropes. Clarence Truitt and many others have gone up the chimney chute that Doug and I discovered. Then, as now, this chute was filled with loose rock that had to be cleared away. We climbed the chute in stocking feet, pressing our hands and feet against the opposing wall.

The sun was setting when we reached the top. We were gay and buoyant. We talked about the glories

of the scene in front of us. We bragged a bit about our skill in rock work—how we must be part mountain goat to have reached the top. We shouted and hallooed to meadows far below us.

On Kloochman Rock that July afternoon both Doug and I valued life more because death had passed so close. It was wonderful to be alive, breathing, shouting, seeing.

We stayed briefly at the top. We went down as we came up, in stocking feet. We raced against darkness.

On the road leading back to camp Doug said, "You know, Bill, there is power in prayer."

That night I prayed again. I knelt on a bed of white fir boughs beside the embers of a campfire and thanked God for saving Doug's life and mine, for giving us the strength to save each other.

WHEN I climbed Kloochman in 1948, my steps were more cautious and measured than they had been in 1913. There was less dash, less abandon in this adult ascent. I took my ease, feeling my way with care. But the memories of the earlier trip were still fresh in my mind as if it had happened only the previous week instead of 35 years ago.

Kloochman was in my very heart. On these dark walls in 1913 I had first communed with God. Here I had felt the presence of a Mighty Force, infinitely beyond man. Here I had known the strength of unseen hands.

I wondered if Kloochman had been a testing ground for other lads. I wondered if others had met on her walls the challenge of life and death. I knew now what a boy could not know, that fear of death was the compound of all other fears. I knew that years ago I had begun to shed on Kloochman's walls the great, overpowering fear.

Kloochman became that day a symbol of adversity and challenge—of the forces that have drawn from man his greatest spiritual and physical achievements.

Voltaire said that "History is the sound of heavy boots going upstairs and the rustle of satin slippers coming down." This country fortunately is still in the "heavy boots" stage of history. That is a stage of a nation's life that is often marked by the tramp of the boots of armies bent on conquest. It is usually evidenced by robust attitudes. But those attitudes can be expressed in ways less destructive than war. The growth of society, as Arnold Toynbee shows, is the successful response to challenge. The challenge may be the existence of some form of slavery, the poverty of a desert, the rigors of mountains, or a war. When the challenge is met and

the goal achieved, there is a tremendous impetus for growth. A powerful energizing force is let loose that produces men and ideas that are dynamic.

This country is in that stage of growth. It is not bent on military conquest as were most of the countries which have sent armies across continents and oceans. In the realm of physical forces this nation has its true bent on the conquest of angry rivers, unproductive wastelands, erosion, the atom. In the realm of human relations it is bent on conquest of poverty and disease, high prices and scarcity, industrial injustices, racial prejudices, and the virus of political ideologies that would corrode and destroy the values of Western civilization.

These are powerful challenges. The fact that many of them are subtle and invisible makes them no less potent. A prejudice can be as ominous and threatening as a man with a bayonet. The issues that challenge this generation call for bold and daring action. They demand men who live dangerously—men who place adventure ahead of security, men who would trade the comfort of today for the chance of scaling a new peak of progress tomorrow. That activity demands men who fear neither man nor ideas. For it is only when fear is cast out that the full creative energies are unleashed. Then one is unhampered by hesitation and indecision.

WHEN man knows how to live dangerously, he is not afraid to die. When he is not afraid to die, he is, strangely, free to live. When he is free to live, he can become bold, courageous, reliant. There are many ways to learn how to live dangerously. Men of the plains have had the experience in the trackless blizzards that sweep in from the north. Those who go out in boats from Gloucester have known it in another form. The mountains that traverse this country offer still a different way, and one that for many is the most exciting of all. The mountains can be reached in all seasons. They offer a fighting challenge to heart, soul, and mind, both in summer and winter. If throughout time the youth of the nation accept the challenge the mountains offer, they will help keep alive in our people the spirit of adventure. That spirit is a measure of the vitality of both nations and men. A people who climb the ridges and sleep under the stars in high mountain meadows, who enter the forest and scale the peaks, who explore glaciers and walk ridges buried deep in snow—these people will give their country some of the indomitable spirit of the mountains.

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.
Illustration by Harrison von Duyke

Thanasphere

Two thousand miles above the earth the rocket pilot

flew into a mystery that upset all the calculations

(The writer of this story has taken literary license to develop an entirely imaginary background against which to tell a moving and unforgettable tale.)

AT NOON, Wednesday, July 26th, windowpanes in the small mountain towns of Sevier County, Tennessee, were rattled by the shock and faint thunder of a distant explosion rolling down the northwest slopes of the Great Smokies. The explosion came from the general direction of the closely guarded Air Forces experimental station in the forest ten miles northwest of Elkmont.

Said the Air Forces Office of Public Information, "No comment."

That evening, amateur astronomers in Omaha, Nebraska, and Glenwood, Iowa, reported independently that a speck had crossed the face of the full moon at 9:57 p.m. There was a flurry of excitement on the news wires. Astronomers at the major North American observatories denied they had seen it.

They lied.

In Boston, on the morning of Thursday, July 27th, an enterprising newsman sought out Dr. Bernard Groszinger, youthful rocket consultant for the Air Forces. "Is it possible that what crossed the moon was a space ship?" the newsman asked.

Dr. Groszinger laughed at the question. "My own opinion is that we're beginning another cycle of flying saucer scares," he said. "This time everyone's seeing space ships between us and the moon. You can tell your readers this, my friend: No rocket ship will leave the earth for at least another twenty years."

He lied.

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He knew a great deal more than he was saying, but somewhat less than he himself thought. He did not believe in ghosts, for instance—and had yet to learn of the ThanaspHERE.

Dr. Groszinger rested his long legs on his cluttered desktop, and watched his secretary conduct the disappointed newsman through the locked door, past the armed guards. He tried to relax before going back into the stale air and tension of the radio room. "IS YOUR SAFE LOCKED?" asked a sign on the wall, tacked there by a diligent security officer. The sign annoyed him. Security officers, security regulations only served to slow his work, to make him think about things he had no time to think about.

The secret papers in the safe weren't secrets. They said what had been known for centuries: Given fundamental physics, it follows that a projectile fired into space in X direction, at Y miles per hour, will travel in the arc Z. He modified the equation: Given fundamental physics and one billion dollars. . .

Impending war had given him the opportunity to try the experiment. The threat of war was an incident, the military men about him an irritating condition of work—the experiment was the heart of the matter.

There were no unknowns, he reflected, finding contentment in the dependability of the physical world. Young Dr. Groszinger smiled, thinking of Christopher Columbus and his crew, who hadn't known what lay ahead of them, who had been scared stiff of sea monsters that didn't exist. Maybe the

average person of today felt the same way about space. The Age of Superstition still had a few years to run.

But the man in the space ship two thousand miles from earth had no unknowns to fear. The sullen Major Allen Rice would have nothing surprising to report in his radio messages. He could only confirm what reason had already revealed about outer space.

The major American observatories, working closely with the project, reported that the ship was now moving around the earth in the predicted orbit at the predicted velocity. Soon, any time now, the first message from outer space in history would be received in the radio room. The broadcast would be on an ultra-high-frequency band where no one had ever sent or received messages before.

The first message was overdue, but nothing had gone wrong—nothing could go wrong, Dr. Groszinger assured himself again. Machines, not men, were guiding the flight. The man was a mere observer, piloted to his lonely vantage point by infallible electronic brains, swifter than his own. He had controls in his ship, but only for gliding down through the atmosphere, when and if they brought him back from space. He was equipped to stay for several years.

Even the man was as much like a machine as possible, Dr. Groszinger thought with satisfaction. He was quick, strong, unemotional. Psychiatrists had picked Major Rice from a hundred volunteers, and predicted that he would function as perfectly as the rocket motors, the metal hull and the electronic controls. His specifications: Husky,

twenty-nine years of age; fifty-five missions over Europe during World War II without a sign of fatigue; a childless widower, melancholy and solitary; a career soldier, a demon for work.

The Major's mission? Simple: To report weather conditions over enemy territory, and to observe the accuracy of guided atomic missiles in the event of war.

Major Rice was fixed in the solar system, two thousand miles above the earth now—close by, really—the distance from New York to Salt Lake City, not far enough away to see much of the polar icecaps, even. With a telescope, Rice could pick out small towns and the wakes of ships without much trouble. It would be breath-taking to watch the enormous blue and green ball; to see night creeping around it, and clouds and storms growing and swirling over its face.

DR. Groszinger strode down the corridor to the small laboratory where the radio equipment had been set up.

Lieutenant General Franklin Dane, head of Project Cyclops, sat next to the radio operator, his uniform rumpled, his collar open. He stared expectantly at the loud-speaker before him. The floor was littered with sandwich wrappings and cigarette butts. Coffee-filled paper cups stood before the General and the radio operator, and beside the canvas chair where Groszinger had spent the night, waiting.

General Dane nodded to Groszinger, and motioned with his hand for silence.

"Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley. Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley . . ." droned the radio operator wearily, using the code names. "Can you hear me, Able Baker Fox? Can you—"

The loud-speaker crackled; then, tuned to its peak volume, boomed: "This is Able Baker Fox. Come in, Dog Easy Charley. Over."

General Dane jumped to his feet and embraced Dr. Groszinger. Both laughed idiotically, and pounded each other on the back. The General snatched the microphone from the radio operator. "You made it, Able Baker Fox! Right on course! What's it like, boy? What's it feel like? Over." Dr. Groszinger, his arm draped around the General's shoulders, leaned forward eagerly, his ear a few inches from the speaker. The radio operator tuned the volume down, so that they could hear something of the quality of Major Rice's voice.

The voice came through again, soft, hesitant. The tone disturbed Dr. Groszinger—he had wanted it to be crisp, sharp, efficient.

"This side of the earth's dark, very dark just now. And I feel like I'm falling—the way you said I would. Over."

"Is anything the matter?" asked the General anxiously. "You sound as though something—"

The Major cut in before he could finish: "There! Did you hear that?"

"Able Baker Fox, we can't hear anything," said the General, looking perplexedly at Dr. Groszinger. "What is it—some kind of noise in your receiver? Over."

"A child," said the Major. "I hear a child crying. Don't you hear it? And now—listen!—now an old man is trying to comfort it." His voice seemed farther away, as though he were no longer speaking directly into his microphone.

"That's impossible, ridiculous!" said Dr. Groszinger. "Check your set, Able Baker Fox, check your set. Over."

"They're getting louder, now. The voices are louder. I can't hear you very well above them. It's like standing in the middle of a crowd, with everybody trying to get my attention at once. It's like . . ." The message trailed off. They could hear a shushing sound in the speaker. The Major's transmitter was still on.

"Can you hear me, Able Baker Fox? Answer! Can you hear me?" called General Dane.

The shushing noise stopped. The General and Dr. Groszinger stared blankly at the speaker.

"Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley," chanted the radio operator. "Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley . . ."

DR. Groszinger, his eyes shielded from the glaring ceiling light of the radio room by a newspaper, lay fully dressed on the cot that had been brought in for him. Every few minutes he ran his long, slender fingers through his tangled hair and swore. His machine had worked perfectly, *was* working perfectly. The one thing he had not designed, the man in it, had failed, had destroyed the whole experiment.

They had been trying for six hours to reestablish contact with the lunatic who peeped down at earth from his tiny steel moon and heard voices.

"He's coming in again, sir," said the operator. "This is Dog Easy Charley. Come in, Able Baker Fox. Over."

"This is Able Baker Fox. Clear weather over Zones 7, 11, 19, and 23. Zones 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 overcast. Storm seems to be shaping up over Zones 8 and 9, moving south by southwest at about 18 miles an hour. Over."

"He's okay now," said the General, relieved.

Dr. Groszinger remained supine, his head still covered with the newspaper. "Ask him about the voices," he said.

"You don't hear the voices any more, do you, Able Baker Fox?"

"What do you mean I don't hear them? I can hear them better than I can hear you. Over."

"He's out of his head," said Dr. Groszinger, sitting up.

"I heard that," said Major Rice evenly. "Maybe I am. It shouldn't be too hard to check. All you have to do is find out if an Andrew Tobin died in Evansville, Indiana, on February 17, 1927. Over."

"I don't follow you, Able Baker Fox," the General said uneasily. "Who was Andrew Tobin? Over."

"He's one of the voices." There was an uncomfortable pause. Major Rice cleared his throat. "Claims his brother murdered him. Over."

The radio operator had risen slowly from his stool, his face chalk-white. Groszinger pushed him back down, and took the microphone from the General's now limp hand.

"Either you've lost your mind, or this is the most sophomoric practical joke in history, Able Baker Fox," said Dr. Groszinger impatiently. "This is Groszinger you're talking to, and you're dumber than I think you are if you think you can kid me." He nodded. "Over."

"I can't hear you very well any more, Dog Easy Charley. Sorry, but the voices are getting louder."

"Rice! Straighten out!" said Dr. Groszinger.

"There—I caught that: Mrs. Pamela Ritter wants her husband Harvey to marry again for the sake of the children. He lives at—"

"Stop it!"

"He lives at 1577 Damon Place, in Scotia, New York. Over and out."

GENERAL Dane shook Dr. Groszinger's shoulder gently. "You've been asleep five hours," he said. "It's midnight." He handed him a cup of hot coffee. "We've got some more messages. Interested?"

Dr. Groszinger sipped the coffee. "Is he still raving?"

"He still hears the voices, if that's what you mean." The General dropped two unopened telegrams in Dr. Groszinger's lap. "Thought you might like to be the one to open these."

Dr. Groszinger laughed quietly. "Went ahead and checked Scotia and Evansville, did you? God help the Army, if all the generals are as superstitious as you, my friend."

"Okay, okay, you're the scientist,

you're the brain-box. That's why I want you to open the telegrams. I want you to tell me what's going on."

Dr. Groszinger smiled patronizingly, and opened the telegrams.

HARVEY RITTER LISTED FOR 1577 DAMON PLACE, SCOTIA. G-E ENGINEER. WIDOWER, TWO CHILDREN. DECEASED WIFE NAMED PAMELA. DO YOU NEED MORE INFORMATION? R. B. FAILEY, CHIEF, SCOTIA POLICE

Dr. Groszinger shrugged, and handed the message to General Dane. He read the other telegram:

RECORDS SHOW ANDREW TOBIN DIED IN HUNTING ACCIDENT FEBRUARY 7, 1927. BROTHER PAUL LEADING BUSINESSMAN. OWNS COAL BUSINESS STARTED BY ANDREW. CAN FURNISH FURTHER DETAILS IF NEEDED. F. B. JOHNSON, CHIEF, EVANSVILLE P. D.

"I'm not surprised," said Dr. Groszinger blandly. "I expected something like this. I suppose you're firmly convinced now that our friend Major Rice has found outer space populated by ghosts?"

"Well, I'd say he's sure found it populated by something," said the General, reddening.

Dr. Groszinger wadded the second telegram in his fist, and threw it across the room, missing the wastebasket by a foot. He folded his hands, and affected the patient, priestlike pose he used in lecturing freshman physics classes. "At first, my friend, we had two possible conclusions: either Major Rice was in-

sane, or he was pulling off a spectacular hoax." He twiddled his thumbs, waiting for the General to digest this intelligence. "Now that we know his spirit messages deal with real people, we've got to conclude that he has planned and is now carrying out some sort of hoax. He got his names and addresses before he took off. Who knows what he hopes to accomplish by it? Who knows what we can do to make him stop it? That's your problem, I'd say."

THE General's eyes narrowed. "So he's trying to Jimmy the project, is he? We'll see, we'll see." The radio operator was dozing. The General slapped him on the back. "On the ball, Sergeant, on the ball. Keep calling Rice till you get him, understand?"

The radio operator had to call only once.

"This is Able Baker Fox. Come in, Dog Easy Charley." Major Rice's voice was tired.

"This is Dog Easy Charley," said General Dane sharply. "We've had enough of your voices, Able Baker Fox—do you understand? We don't want to hear any more about them. We're on to your little game. I don't know what your angle is, but I do know I'll bring you back down and slap you on a rock pile in Leavenworth so fast you'll leave your teeth up there. Do we understand each other?" The General bit the tip from a fresh cigar fiercely. "Over."

"Did you check those names and addresses? Over."

The General looked at Dr. Groszinger, who frowned and shook his

head. "Sure we did. That doesn't prove anything. So you've got a list of names and addresses up there. So what does that prove? Over."

"You say those names checked? Over."

"I'm telling you to quit it, Rice. Right now. Forget the voices, do you hear? Give me a weather report. Over."

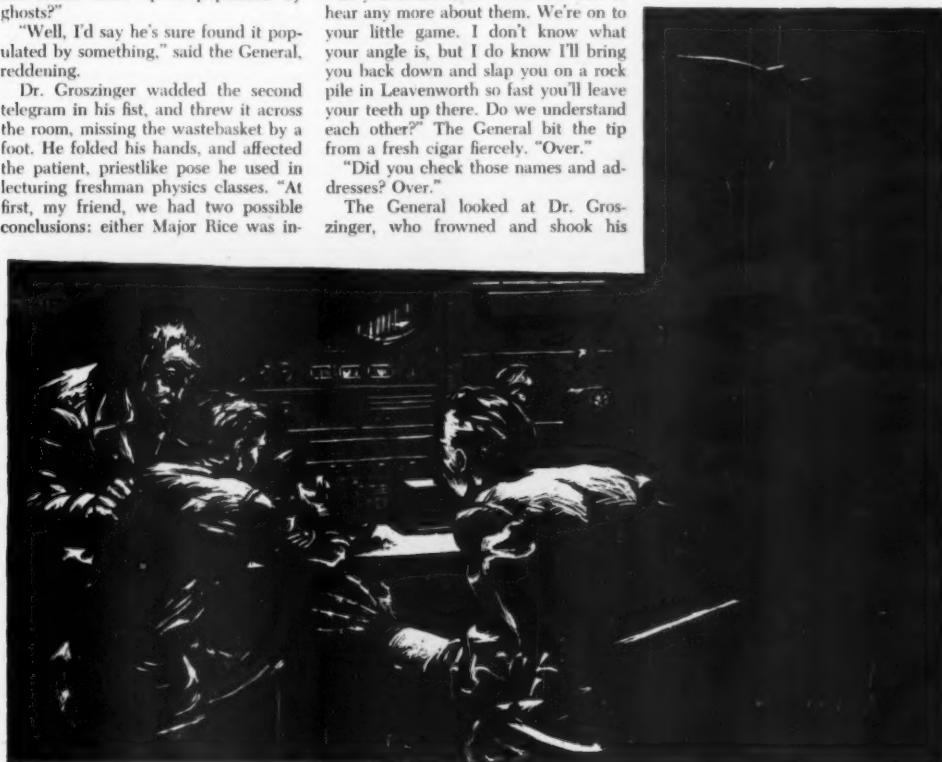
"Clear patches over Zones 11, 15, and 16. Looks like a solid overcast over 1, 2, and 3. All clear over the rest. Over."

"That's more like it, Able Baker Fox," said the General expansively. "We'll forget about the voices, eh? Over."

"There's an old woman calling out something in a German accent. Is Dr. Groszinger there? I think she's calling his name. She's asking him not to get too wound up in his work—not to—"

Dr. Groszinger leaned over the radio operator's shoulder and snapped off the switch on the receiver. "Of all the cheap, sickening stunts," he said angrily.

"Let's hear what he has to say," said the General half smiling. "Thought you were a scientist."



Dr. Groszinger glared at him defiantly, snapped on the receiver again, and stood back, his hands on his hips.

"—saying something in German," continued the voice of Major Rice. "Can't understand it. Maybe you can. I'll give it to you the way it sounds: *'Alles geben die Götter, die Unendlichen, ihren Lieblingen, ganz. Alle—'*"

Dr. Groszinger turned down the volume. "*'Alle Freuden, die Unendlichen; alle Schmerzen, die Unendlichen, ganz.'*" he said faintly. "That's how it ends." He sat down on the cot. "My mother's favorite quotation—something from Goethe."

"I can threaten him again," said the General.

"What for?" Dr. Groszinger shrugged and smiled. "Outer space is full of voices." He laughed nervously. "There's something to pep up a physics textbook."

"An omen, sir—it's an omen," blurted the radio operator suddenly.

"What do you mean, an omen?" said the General. "So outer space is filled with ghosts. That doesn't surprise me."

"Nothing would, then," said Dr. Groszinger.

"That's exactly right. I'd be some general if anything would. For all I know the moon is made of green cheese. So what? All I want is a man out there to tell me if I'm hitting what I'm shooting at. I don't care what's going on in outer space."

"Don't you see, sir?" said the operator. "Don't you see? It's an omen. When people find out about all the spirits out there, they'll forget about war. They won't want to think about anything but the spirits."

"Relax, Sergeant," said the General dryly. "Nobody's going to find out about them, understand?"

"You can't suppress a discovery like this," said Dr. Groszinger in amazement.

"You're nuts, if you think I can't," said General Dane. "How're you going to tell anybody about this business without telling them we've got a rocket ship out there?"

"They've a right to know," said the radio operator heatedly.

"If the world finds out we've got that ship out there, that's the start of World War III," said the General. "Now tell me you want that. That's when the cold war gets hot, my boy. The enemy won't have any choice but to try and blow the guts out of us before we can put Major Rice to good use. And there'd be nothing for us to do but try and blow the guts out of them first. Is that what you want?"

"No, sir," said the radio operator. "I guess not, sir." He sat listlessly, his hands folded in his lap.

"Well, we can experiment, anyway," said Dr. Groszinger. "We can find out as much as possible about what the spirits are like. We can send Rice out in a wider orbit to find out how far out he can hear the voices, and whether—"

"Not on Air Force funds, you can't," said General Dane. "That isn't what Rice is out there for. We can't afford to piddle around. We need him right there."

"All right, all right," said Dr. Groszinger. "Then let's hear what he has to say."

"Tune him in, Sergeant," said the General.

"Yes, sir." He fiddled apathetically with the dials. "He doesn't seem to be transmitting now, sir." The shushing noise of a transmitter cut into the hum of the loud-speaker. "I guess he's coming in again. Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley—"

"King Two X ray William Love, this is William Five Zebra Zebra King in Dallas," said the loud-speaker. The voice had a soft drawl, and was pitched much higher than Major Rice's.

A bass voice answered: "This is King Two X ray William Love in Albany. Come in W5ZZK, I hear you well. How do you hear me? Over."

"You're as clear as a bell, K2XWL—25,000 megacycles on the button. I'm trying to cut down on my drift with a—"

THE voice of Major Rice cut in. "I can't hear you clearly, Dog Easy Charley. The voices are a steady roar now. I can catch bits of what they're saying. Grantland Whitman, the Hollywood actor, is yelling that his will was tampered with by his nephew Carl. He says—"

"Say it again K2XWL," said the drawing voice. "I must have misunderstood you. Over."

"I didn't say anything, W5ZZK. What was that about Grantland Whitman? Over."

"The crowd's quieting down," said Major Rice. "Now there's just one voice—*young woman*, I think. It's so soft, I can't make out what she's saying."

"What's going on, K2XWL? Can you hear me, K2XWL?"

"She's calling my name. Do you hear it? She's calling my name," said Major Rice excitedly.

"Jam the frequency!" cried the General frantically. "Yell, whistle—do something!"

Early-morning traffic past the university came to a honking, bad-tempered stop, as Dr. Groszinger absently crossed the street against the light, on his way

back to his office and the radio room. He looked up in surprise, mumbled an apology, and hurried to the curb. He had had a solitary breakfast in an all-night diner a block and a half away from the laboratory building, and then he'd taken a long walk. He had hoped that getting away for a couple of hours would clear his head—but the feeling of confusion and helplessness was still with him. Did the world have a right to know, or didn't it?

There had been no more messages from Major Rice. At the General's orders, the frequency had been jammed. Now the unexpected eavesdroppers could hear nothing but a steady whine at 25,000 megacycles. General Dane had reported the dilemma to Washington shortly after midnight. Perhaps orders as to what to do with Major Rice had come through by now.

HE paused in a patch of sunlight on the laboratory building's steps, and read again the front-page news story, which ran fancifully for a column, beneath the headline, MYSTERY RADIO MESSAGE REVEALS POSSIBLE WILL FRAUD. The story told of two radio amateurs, experimenting illegally on the supposedly unused ultra-high-frequency band, who had been amazed to hear a man chattering about voices and a will. The amateurs had broken the law, operating on an unassigned frequency, but they hadn't kept their mouths shut about their discovery. Now, hams all over the world would be building sets so they could listen in, too.

"Morning, sir. Nice morning, isn't it?" said a guard, coming off duty. He was a cheerful, fat Irishman.

"Fine morning, all right," agreed Dr. Groszinger. "Clouding up a little in the west maybe." He wondered what the guard would say if he told him what he knew. He would laugh, probably.

Dr. Groszinger's secretary was dusting off his desk when he walked in. "You could use some sleep, couldn't you?" she said. "Honestly, why you men don't take better care of yourselves I just don't know. If you had a wife, she'd make you—"

"Never felt better in my life," said Dr. Groszinger. "Any word from General Dane?"

"He was looking for you about ten minutes ago. He's back in the radio room. He's been on the phone with Washington for half an hour."

She had only the vaguest notion of what the project was about. Again Dr. Groszinger felt the urge to tell about Major Rice and the voices, to see what effect the news would have on someone else. Perhaps the secretary would react

as he himself had reacted, dully, without excitement; or perhaps as the General had reacted, with a shrug. Maybe that was the spirit of this world of the atom bomb, H-bomb, God-knows-what-next-bomb—to be amazed at nothing. Science had given humanity forces enough to destroy the earth; and politics had given humanity a fair assurance that the forces would be used. There could be no cause for awe to top that one. But proof of a spirit world might at least equal it. Maybe that was the shock the world needed; maybe word from the spirits could change the suicidal course of history.

General Dane looked up wearily as Dr. Groszinger walked into the radio room. "They're bringing him down," he said. "There's nothing else we can do. He's no good to us now." The loud-speaker, turned down low, sang the monotonous hum of the jamming signal. The radio operator slept before the set, his head resting on his folded arms.

"Did you try to get through to him again?"

"Twice. He's clear off his head now. Tried to tell him to change his frequency, to code his messages, but he just went on jabbering like he couldn't hear me—talking about that woman's voice."

"Who's the woman? Did he say?"

The General looked at him oddly. "Says it's his wife Margaret. Guess that's enough to throw anybody, wouldn't you say?" General Dane raised his eyebrows. "Pretty bright, weren't we, sending up a guy with no family ties." He arose and stretched. "I'm going out for a minute. Just make sure you keep your hands off that set." He slammed the door behind him.

THE radio operator stirred. "They're bringing him down," he said thickly.

"I know," said Dr. Groszinger.

"That'll kill him, won't it?"

"He has controls for gliding her in, once he hits the atmosphere."

"If he wants to."

"That's right—if he wants to. They'll get him out of his orbit and back to the atmosphere under rocket power. After that, it'll be up to him to take over and make the landing."

They fell silent. The only sound in the room was the muted jamming signal in the loud-speaker.

"He doesn't want to live, you know that?" said the radio operator suddenly. "Would you want to?"

"Guess that's something you don't know until you come up against it," said Dr. Groszinger vaguely, his thoughts elsewhere. He was trying to imagine the world of the future—a

world in constant touch with the spirits, the living inseparable from the dead. It was bound to come. Other men, probing into space, were certain to find out. Would it make life heaven or hell? Every bum and genius, criminal and hero, average man and madman, now and forever part of humanity—advising, squabbling, conniving, placating . . .

The radio operator looked furtively toward the door. "Want to hear him once more?"

Dr. Groszinger shook his head. "Everybody's listening to that frequency now. We'd all be in a nice mess if you stopped jamming." He didn't want to hear more. He was baffled, miserable. Would Death unmasked drive men to suicide or bring new hope? he was asking himself. Would the living desert their leaders, and turn to the dead for guidance? To Caesar . . . Charlemagne . . . Peter the Great . . . Napoleon . . . Bismarck . . . Lincoln . . . Roosevelt? To Jesus Christ? Were the dead wiser than—

Before Dr. Groszinger could stop him, the sergeant switched off the oscillator that was jamming the frequency.

Major Rice's voice came through instantly, high and giddy. ". . . thousands of them, thousands of them, all around me, standing on nothing, shimmering like northern lights—beautiful, curving off in space, all around the earth like a glowing fog. I can see them, do you hear? I can see them now. I can see Margaret. She's waving and smiling, misty, heavenly, beautiful. If only you could see it, if—"

The radio operator quickly flicked on the jamming signal again. There was a footfall in the hallway.

General Dane stalked into the radio room, studying his watch. "In five minutes they'll start him down," he said. He plunged his hands deep into his pockets and slouched dejectedly. "We failed this time. Next time we'll make it. The next man who goes up will know what he's up against—he'll be ready to take it."

He put his hand on Dr. Groszinger's shoulder. "The most important job you'll ever have to do, my friend, is to keep your mouth shut about those spirits out there, do you understand? We don't want the enemy to know we've had a ship out there, and we don't want them to know what they'll come across if they try it. The security of this country depends on that being our secret. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Groszinger softly, grateful to have no choice but to be quiet. He didn't want to be the one to tell the world. He wished he had had nothing to do with sending Rice out

into space. What discovery of the dead would do to humanity he didn't know, but the impact would be terrific. Now, like the rest, he would have to wait nervously for the next wild twist of history.

The General looked at his watch again. "They're bringing him down," he said.

AT 1:39 p.m., on Friday, July 28th, the British liner Capricorn, 230 miles out of New York City, bound for Liverpool, radioed that an unidentified object had crashed into the sea, sending up a towering geyser on the horizon to starboard of the ship. Several passengers were said to have seen something glinting as it fell from the sky. Upon reaching the scene of the crash, the Capricorn reported finding dead and stunned fish on the surface, and turbulent water, but no wreckage.

Newspapers suggested that the Capricorn had seen the crash of an experimental rocket fired out to sea in a test of range. The Secretary of Defense promptly denied that any such tests were under way over the Atlantic.

In Boston, Dr. Bernard Groszinger, young rocket consultant for the Air Forces, told newsmen that what the Capricorn had observed might well have been a meteor.

"That seems quite likely," he said. "If it were a meteor, the fact that it reached the earth's surface should, I think, be one of the year's most important science news stories. Usually, meteors burn to nothing before they're even through the stratosphere."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted a reporter. "Is there anything out beyond the stratosphere—I mean, is there any name for it?"

"Well, actually the term stratosphere is kind of arbitrary. It's the outer shell of the atmosphere. You can't say definitely where it stops. Beyond it is just, well—dead space."

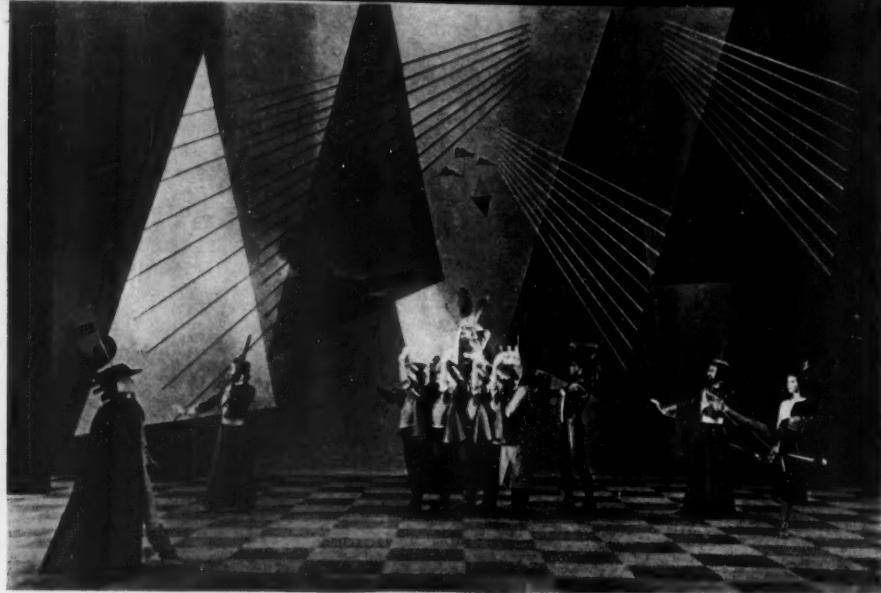
"Dead space—that's the right name for it, eh?" said the reporter.

"If you want something fancier, maybe we could put it into Greek," said Dr. Groszinger playfully. "Thanatos, that's Greek for death, I think. Maybe instead of 'dead space' you'd prefer 'Thanasphere.' Has a nice scientific ring to it, don't you think?"

The newsmen laughed politely.

"Dr. Groszinger, when's the first rocket ship going to make it into space?" asked another reporter.

Dr. Groszinger waved his hand impatiently at the newsmen. "You people read too many comic books. Come back in twenty years, and maybe I'll have a story for you."



A scene from *Checkmate*, a ballet which is danced on a gigantic chessboard. Dancers attired as red and black chessmen represent Love vs. Death.

Sadler's Wells

The 1950 ballet season got off to a dazzling start when Britain's top ballet corps, the Sadler's Wells, came to New York in September for a three-weeks' engagement. This is the ballet company that last year danced so brilliantly in this country that tickets to their performances were as hard to come by as a pair for *South Pacific*. When the British discovered that ballet was the most popular item on their export list, a return U. S. engagement for the Sadler's Wells was arranged. Result: Two months before opening night the Metropolitan Opera House was sold out for all performances. The New York reviews were ecstatic, and the Sadler's Wells has now embarked on a 26-city cross-country tour.

The *Sleeping Beauty*, a romantic ballet based on the old fairy tale, is one of the most popular ballets in Sadler's Wells' repertoire. Margot Fonteyn, Sadler's Wells' prima ballerina, is slated to play lead in forthcoming film version of *The Sleeping Beauty* ballet.





Margot Fonteyn gives sensitive performance in *Giselle*, classic ballet about a peasant maiden who falls in love with a count.



Beryl Grey in *Swan Lake* dances the role of a beautiful maiden whom an evil magician has transformed into a swan.

Ballet



Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in comic scene in *Don Quixote*, based on Cervantes' novel. Helpmann is also a choreographer, actor, and film director.



Pas de deux: Beryl Grey and John Field in *Swan Lake*. Tchaikovsky composed the music, one of the best-beloved ballet scores. Record companies report an unprecedented demand for ballet music this year.

Sadler's Wells' Itinerary for Remainder of Tour

San Francisco Opera House, Oct. 30-Nov. 12
Sacramento Memorial Auditorium, Nov. 13, 14
Denver Auditorium, Nov. 17-19
University Coliseum, Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 20
KRNT Theatre, Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 21
Municipal Music Hall, Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 23
Convention Hall, Tulsa, Okla., Nov. 24

State Fair Auditorium, Dallas, Tex., Nov. 25-27
Oklahoma City Municipal Auditorium, Nov. 28
Memphis Auditorium, Nov. 29
Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1-3
University Auditorium, Bloomington, Ind., Dec. 4, 5
Purdue Hall of Music, Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 6, 7
Masonic Temple, Detroit, Mich., Dec. 8-10

Cleveland Public Auditorium, Dec. 12, 13
Cincinnati Music Hall, Dec. 14-16
Chicago Opera House, Dec. 18-31
Winnipeg (Canada) Auditorium, Jan. 2-5
Boston Opera House, Jan. 8-13
Westchester County Center, White Plains, N. Y.,
Jan. 15



LETTERMAN

I BEEN goin' to Rockford High for all my four years in school, and me and Mr. Wilson—he's the football coach—we didn't see eye to eye at first. I'll admit I wasn't no All-American, but, gee whiz, you'd think he'd give a guy a break. Most of the time I'd just be sittin' down to take a load off my feet, and he'd say, "Gillmartin" (that's me), "get in there and spell Benny. He's been doin' enough of his share today, and besides, you're no more on the smarter end than you was when we started fall practice." I been goin' to Rockford High all my four years, like I said before, and I been playin' first string line every year. Some of the time I'd be playin' tackle, and some of the time I'd be playin' center.

Well, first day out for the team, all them other guys had gotten good uniforms and I was all the way at the end. By the time I got my stuff, it was like gettin' somethin' from the poor house. But I stuck it all together and went out to the field with all them other guys. I was standin' watchin' the scrimmagin' when Mr. Wilson called me. He didn't call me by callin' my name. He said, "Hey, meathead!" Everybody laughed, and I went over to where they was scrimmagin'. He had the cards in his hand and said that I weighed 200 pounds. He asked me if I ever played before, and I told him how I played with the guys from around the block. He asked me if I was studyin' the plays, and I told him I knew them pretty good. He put me in at tackle, and I saw the guard and tackle on the first string whisperin' to each other and laughin'.

The first play they was comin' through my spot, and I caught Harry around the legs and brought him down. Harry—he was the fullback—he goes to college now. He got up from the pile and smiled at me and said, "Nice goin'." But that guard and tackle looked kinda mad. I kept in there and made a couple nice tackles. Coach said, "Gillmartin, get in at first-string tackle and see what you

can do." Rich—he's the captain—looked kinda mad, because Mr. Wilson took him outa there and put him where I was playin'. He was in the huddle and Rich's buddy, Bill, give me a dirty look and said somethin' under his breath. Coach was in the huddle too and said that the quarterback should call the fullback's play through my spot. Harry—he's the fullback—smiled at me and said, "Let's make a gain, gang, and give Rich a lesson." We pulled the play off and I pushed Rich clear back to Mr. Wilson in back of the other guys. Everybody was quiet on accounta Rich was the captain and I was pushin' him around.

Next day, when I went to special arithmetic class, Mr. Davidson—he was my arithmetic teacher—he said that he got a note from Mr. Wilson sayin' that I should see him right after class in the gym office. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harvey—he's the assistant coach—was sittin' with their feet up on the desk and talkin' when I come in. "Hello, Gillmartin," Mr. Wilson said. "I got some new equipment for you." He went over to the locker and took out a brand new pair of shoulder pads and hip pads and a new helmet. They was all nice and shiny, and they looked good. He said that he gave me that old stuff yesterday so's to see if I was worth a new outfit. He reached up on the shelf and took down a brand new pair of pants and a jersey and a new bag. Mr. Harvey said, "Is this the guy who you were tellin' me about yesterday, Ed?" "Yep," Mr. Wilson said, "that's him, Tony. Looks like he might stay on for a week or two, don't he?" Then Mr. Harvey asked me what year I was in, and I told him I was a freshman. He looked awful surprised, but he didn't say nothin'. That was my first year out for the team, and I was darn luckier'n a lota guys because I was first string that season while Rich was second. After a spell we got to be friends and he taught me a lota things.

The time when I was goin' steady with Betty Donahue I use to let her wear my sweater with the letter on it. But Mr. Wilson said that in college they're proud of their letters and they wear them all through football season and it ain't bein' a showoff to wear one. You earned it, and it's yours to wear 'cause you're a letterman.

The toughest game I ever played was against Liberty. Bud—he's my spe-

cial chum—and me, we was both tied for first place that year, and this was the important game to see who was gonna stay on top. It was nothin' to nothin' a few minutes before the half. I ain't ever been hurt in all the games I played for Rockford, but that afternoon, after I had made a head-on tackle of Wagner—he was the fullback for Liberty—I went to pull up my jersey to wipe the sweat from my forehead and saw blood. I felt my face, and my nose was like it was all over on one side. All the guys was yellin' and callin' time out. The doc took me to the lockers and laid me on the table and straightened my nose. I laid there, and a little while later all the guys came in. It was half, and they asked me how I felt. My nose burned a lot, and coach told me to change, but I said no and that I'd watch the game from the bench.

We trotted out on the field after a while, and the second half started. The score was still nothin' to nothin'. The quarter ended, and we still held them. Then it was last quarter, and they was startin' to move again. I asked Mr. Wilson sittin' next to me to put me in, but he said I shoulda been home a long time ago. I begged him, and I ain't one for beggin' nobody. He looked at me for a long time like he was thinkin' hard. Then he took me by the arm, and we walked to the sideline, and he told me to go in on the next play. I did. Benny's arm was bruised, and I went in.

They was about ten yards away from a touchdown. We held them again, but when I made a tackle, my nose hurt somethin' awful. Bud faded back and tossed a long pass to Tommy for 20 yards. We was startin' to move.

See Yourself in Print

• Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Individual criticism will be given at the editor's discretion. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing Awards are sponsored by local newspapers.

SELECTIONS CONTRIBUTED BY STUDENT WRITERS

Then we was only five yards away, and all of a sudden on the next play, Pete's our fullback—hurt his leg. Mr. Wilson came out on the field again, and he said we'd have to do somethin' pretty fast on accounta our second-string fullback had been hurt last practice, and we didn't have nobody. I told Mr. Wilson I'd play fullback, and he looked like he was gonna faint. Everybody said it was a swell idea and that I knew all the plays for everybody. Mr. Wilson said okay, and we went into a huddle.

Then Bud called my play. I got set and felt the ball hit my stomach, and I saw a big wide-open space in the line. I kept my head down and kicked high, and then I felt the ground come up hard and fast. I almost didn't get up. I could see little bubbles goin' around, and they pulled me up and back to the huddle. We made three yards that time. One more and we'd be over. It was third down, and I took the ball again, and they stopped me. I ran right over Ralph's back, and they stopped me. Somebody hit my nose, and I could feel tears in my eyes. Last down and about a half a minute to play. We all prayed in the huddle, and Bud called my play again.

I felt the leather hit my stomach again. I crashed into bodies, and I heard screamin' and yellin', and then I felt the ground come up again, hard and fast. I heard somebody yell score. Then the bubbles faded, and I didn't see the grass no more.

I woke up next mornin' in my room. It was Saturday, and the sun was comin' in through the windows, and I heard the trees movin' around, and Ma and Pa was leanin' over me. They asked how I felt. I told them fine and that the stingin' was gone from my nose and I was hungry. Ma cried.

Monday I was back in school with a big piece of tape around my nose, and I had my sweater on and my letter. And there ain't nobody can call me show-off now because I'm wearin' my letter. Like Mr. Wilson says, when you wear a letter you're a letterman.

Dave Silvestri, 17

Chicago (Ill.) Vocational H. S.

Whether you're a lover of Ring Lardner stories—or just a lover of football—we know that you've enjoyed Dave Silvestri's ingratiating parody.

Awakening

I'm dreaming. If I knew how, I could wake up. Oh, open your eyes, please! This dream will be over in a few seconds, but I'll be dead first. I know the bell's rung, because Pat is telling me it's time to get up. It seems as if she's shouting, "Don't fall!" but she's only saying, "It's seven-fifteen." Why can't I wake up? Am I paralyzed? Or maybe I'm dead already. Yes, that's it! I dreamed I was rolling over and over in space. Only it wasn't a dream. It was real—and I have been killed!

Yes, I remember. I was sick, seasick—a rolling, twisting body, upside down, then right again. Wind. Howling, rushing air, too much to breathe, flooding my nostrils, my throat. Air, pushing and crowding until I couldn't breathe. Then hooves crashing down on top of me. Horse's hooves right above me, coming down, down! Close your eyes; people don't see Death. But I do, lying there on the ground looking up at hooves of Death. They come down but only press my hair into wet earth and rocks. Dirt, grained into my eyes, matting my hair, digging and scratching into every cut on my body, grinding into my scalp with every stone and pebble.

They're still yellin' at me. They must know I'm dead by now. Marylin's talkin' now. Or is it the person on that next horse . . . ? Devil-horse with eyes of brown steel and hooves of fire in red sunshine on white rocks. No, red sun-



Young Voices

shine and rocks red in blood, not sun-shine. Yes, it's my blood as I leave a path through white, pointed rocks. Finally, I am out of their way, down the bank, down, down . . .

I am sitting up now, raising every aching bone and pulling a shirt sleeve, stiff with dirt and blood, from seared and cut flesh. Cut? Yes, those rocks on the road up there. Road? Oh, the horse—the horse threw me from the road.

"Pat!" I call. No answer. How long have I lain here where the tree trunk caught me as I rolled down the bank? How long? Long enough to relive a nightmare of reality. Long enough to die, and live again.

Harriet Clack, 17

Fassifern School for Girls
Hendersonville, N. C.
Teacher, Delight Weeman

Harriet Clack makes every word count in recalling her experience. Her essay carries the reader along on a single high crest of excitement. Harriet won a commendation in last spring's Scholastic Writing Awards.

November

I wish it would snow,
Today were blown down
The leaves that were slow
When first they were brown.

Far west to the hills
The cold sun has set
In icy blue chills
And smoky blue net.

Trees frantically grope
With gaunt bony wings
And heavenward hope—
But the frost still clings.

November, November,
You in-between thing!
You're post-Indian summer
And pre-Arctic fling.

Carol Pitts, 17

LeMars (Iowa) H. S.
Teacher, Miss Tanaka

"Thirty days hath November"—and sometimes you think they're thirty too many! Carol Pitts' rueful lyric captures the mood of this "in-between" month. Her poetry was awarded a commendation in the Scholastic Writing Awards of 1950.

Thirty-three battered survivors were crowded into a

lifeboat that could hold sixteen safely; the craft had

to be lightened in the storm, and the mate was armed . . .

Seven Waves Away

MUSIC: Begin accompaniment. Background of music throughout.

NARRATOR: It was cold, the sea was gray, and there were fresh northwesterly winds roiling the surface. Mr. Holmes could not look back, not even for an instant, because the long swells, unbroken as yet, but running fast and high, with glassy bubbles breaking at the peaks now and then, held his frightened eyes. He became aware of the cook, close to him, as the lifeboat walloped, panicked by the heavy seas. With all his strength Mr. Holmes held to the tiller, which might at any second be wrenched from his grasp by the pressure of the rushing water.

_SOUND: Slight wind. Lapping water. Swish of swells through entire drama, increasing and decreasing as indicated.

HOLMES (throughout, until the end, he is to be cold and restrained): Can you see her, Cookie?

COOKIE: Aye, sir, I can see 'er. She makes a lovely sight against the sky.

HOLMES: Is she going?

COOKIE: Aye, she is that. She's standin' on her stern like a turnin' spout. She'll slide in quick any minute. You ought to look back at her.

HOLMES (shortly): I'm looking ahead . . . with this tiller in my hands. Look to the Captain there.

COOKIE: He's come to . . . it's his jaw . . . broke, I guess . . . and bleeding a little.

CAPTAIN (with great effort): Has . . . she . . . gone . . . down?

COOKIE: Not yet, sir, but any minute. Take it easy, there, sir. You can't move.

CAPTAIN: (Groans)

COOKIE: And ye can't see her when we're in the trough.

HOLMES: She must be sinking fast, Cookie. . . . I can see it in their eyes . . . like ice . . . frozen . . .

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SOUND: Big wash of sea, murmurs of fear, whimpers from people.

COOKIE: Aye . . . it's cruel. The sea's running heavy, too.

HOLMES: And it's rising. The boat don't handle at all.

COOKIE: No wonder, sir. We're almost sunk to the gunwales.

HOLMES (breathing heavily): Cookie . . . there are too many people in the boat.

COOKIE: Ye can't do nothin' about that, sir.

HOLMES: Thirty-three . . . and there ought to be sixteen. . . . We could turn awash with one good one.

COOKIE: Aye, it's only praying and pulling that'll get us out of this.

HOLMES (breathing heavily, fear in his voice): One good . . . wash. . . . (Gets control of himself) Can you still see her, Cookie?

COOKIE: There was some of 'er, sir, still blowin' on the surface. Wait and I'll take a look.

BIG JOE: She's gone! She's sunk to the bottom!

(Gasps from passengers, ad libs, murmurs of fear)

COOKIE: She's slid in, sir. She done it neat as a cockroach, she did. Between the swells, sir. One swell and she was still there, another and she weren't. She's gone for sure now.

HOLMES (hollowly): Then we're really . . . alone.

COOKIE (trying to cover his own fear, not realizing what he says): For a while, maybe. I guess Sparks got a call out, all right. They'll be here. We don't have to worry none.

HOLMES (grim): No . . . we don't have to worry. Only this boat's loaded to the gunwales. . . . She'll sink if anybody moves . . . and thirty-three mouths to fill with only a cask of water and some hardtack.

COOKIE (gloomily but with resignation): Aye, sir.

HOLMES: You know how far a cask of water goes, Cookie?

COOKIE: Don't be thinkin' on it, sir, . . . it's a black outlook.

HOLMES: It's a thousand miles to land, too, . . . a thousand miles.

SOUND: Wash of sea up and fade to background again.

COOKIE (horror and surprise in voice): Lor' sir, what you got there?

HOLMES (very quietly): It's a pistol. Cookie, . . . just shifting pockets to keep it dry.

COOKIE: A gun, sir? Is it loaded?

HOLMES: Of course it's loaded. A man has a sol'ier feeling, Cookie, when he's got a pistol.

CAPTAIN (groans hoarsely): Mate! Mate!

COOKIE (in, low): Don't be twisting like that, sir.

CAPTAIN (hoarsely): Mate!

HOLMES: Yes, Captain?

CAPTAIN: I'm not well. Hear me, Mate? I'm not well.

HOLMES: I'm right here, sir. Have you any orders, sir?

CAPTAIN: I'm sick. I'm sick to my stomach with pain. (Groans) I cannot take command. Mr. Holmes. The ship is yours. . . . Mr. Holmes, do you hear me?

HOLMES (quietly): Mine? Sir . . . she's mine?

CAPTAIN: Yes . . . and you've got our lives in your brain, now, Mr. Holmes. It's a thousand miles to land . . . and you've got to see her through. She's your command. The cook's a witness. (Fainter, with effort) Keep . . . her . . . safe.

HOLMES: Cookie . . . you heard that?

COOKIE: Yes, sir . . . I'm a witness, sir . . . you're in charge.

HOLMES (half to himself): I'm . . . in charge! (Up unsteadily) Thank you, Cookie. (Quietly) All right, men . . . McCruddy, Big Joe, Harris, Jano. Captain just put me in command . . . and we'll have to pull hard and steady . . . the boat's overcrowded.

SOUND: "Aye, aye's." Wash of sea up and fade. Following slightly off.

BIG JOE: It'll be a battle . . . we're deep in the water.

MCGRUDDY: Yes . . . she's bubbling past us . . . right at the gunwale.

Adapted by Margaret Lewerth
From the short story by Richard Sale

HARRIS (*over effort of rowing*): The oar sticks deep.

BIG JOE: Look out you don't bury it, or she'll swamp.

SOUND: Bring up wash of sea, creak of oarlocks. Fade down wash of sea.

CABIN BOY: Mr. McCruddy! . . . Mr. McCruddy!

McCRUDY (*gruffly*): Yes, lad. What is it?

CABIN BOY (*scared, but trying to cover it*): We'll make it all right . . . won't we, sir?

McCRUDY: You can only hope, lad, if this sea dies down . . . we'll be all right—and if Sparks got the message out. Hold up your chin there, . . . now.

CABIN BOY: Yes, sir, I am, . . . sir, but I'd like to help at the oars, sir.

McCRUDY: Now sit still and take it easy, lad. Rowin' ain't no job for a cabin boy.

CABIN BOY: I'm getting my seaman's papers next trip. (*Fade*)

SOUND: Heavy wash of sea. A woman cries out, off mike.

MAN: There, Anna. Steady!

ANNA (*moans*): Oh . . . I can't stand it . . . can't stand it. . . . (*Voice mounting*) I'm so cold and . . . and sick.

MAN: Shhh . . . Anna . . . shhh. . . .

SECOND MAN (*elderly*): Lucy . . . (*Lou, off*) open your eyes . . . open your eyes . . . you're safe . . . safe. . . . You're not going to drown now. . . . I'm here, Lucy . . . I'm here.

THIRD MAN (*fear making him hysterical*): We've got to find a ship. . . . I've got a wife at home . . . and two kids . . . they're waiting . . . we've got to get out . . . got to . . .

FIRST MAN (*low*): Take it easy, man, . . . on account of the women. . . .

BILLY (*small boy*): What's he saying, mother, . . . what is it?

MOTHER: Nothing, Billy. . . . We're all right now. . . . Keep your head against me.

BILLY: Mother . . . I'm cold.

MOTHER (*fear in voice*): I know, dear, I know . . . but mother's here . . . close.

BILLY: Mother, . . . will it last long?

MOTHER (*in deadly fear, but controlled for son*): No, son.

BILLY: It's getting dark . . . and the boat goes up and down so. (*Scared to death and beginning to cry*) Mother . . . I want to go home!

MOTHER (*desperately controlling herself*): Billy be brave . . . just a little while longer. . . . The ship's coming, son . . . soon.

THIRD MAN (*who got hysterical, voice mounting*): Ship! What ship can see us in this seal . . . What ship can

reach us before it gets us . . .! (*Mounting*) The boat on its belly . . . and us . . . down there!

(*Women gasp, . . . cries of terror*)

HOLMES (*right in mike, cutting through sound of sea and voices*): Shut up, you fools!

(*Voices out*)

SOUND: Sea and rising wind. Creaking oarlocks, hold. Then

HOLMES (*half in terror, half in prayer*): God . . . God Almighty!

COOKIE (*alarmed*): What is it, Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES: I was just thinking, Cookie, . . . just thinking. It's almost night . . . and I'll have to steer by the feel of her . . . and she doesn't steer . . . she doesn't answer the tiller, Cookie. . . . She's too crowded!

SOUND: Sound of wash of sea and wind up full and down to background.

COOKIE: It doesn't look much better, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES: No . . . it's blowing worse.

BIG JOE: And black as pitch too. . . . I never knew the sea could look like this.

McCRUDY: It looks different when you've got ten thousand tons under you. Is the tiller pulling, Holmes?

HOLMES: No . . . she's riding heavy. Her head hangs off too hard.

BIG JOE: If we only last this night!

McCRUDY: We have to last this night! . . . We have thirty-three people

in this boat we've got to see through.

HOLMES (*low*): Thirty-three. . . . Aye. . . . Thirty-three—and there should be sixteen. . . . Thirty-three . . . to weigh her down till her gunwales are awash. (*Shouts*) Bail! . . . Do you hear me? She's coming in on us! . . . Bail!

CREW (*Ad lib*): Aye, aye, sir.

BIG JOE: Aye . . . they're bailing . . . but their backs are breaking . . . and their hands are frozen.

HOLMES (*fear in voice*): Let your hands freeze. . . . We've got to keep afloat.

SOUND: Wash of sea, heavy.

COOKIE (*close to mike*): Mr. Holmes, . . . ye can't see them comin' . . . and then they're on you . . . like a black wall.

HOLMES: Bail! Bail! . . . Again! . . . We'll have to keep it up . . . to keep her head free . . . or the next roller will go over us.

SOUND: Heavier wash.

COOKIE (*breathless with fear*): That one almost turned us, Mr. Holmes!

HOLMES (*low*): Look, Cookie, when the lightning flashes . . . their faces . . . they're yellow with fear!

COOKIE (*chattering*): We're all afraid, Mr. Holmes . . . and you know it.

McCRUDY (*tense*): If we last till dawn there should be a ship.

SOUND: Heavier wash of sea. Wave breaking for first time.

HOLMES (*terror in voice*): Cookie!

COOKIE: Oh . . . ye scared me, sir grabbin' me like that. . . . What is it?

SOUND: Wind increases.

HOLMES (*almost yelling*): Do you see that? . . . Look!



COOKIE: Aye, sir . . . white caps . . . A blow's coming. We'll be lucky if we finish this night alive.

SOUND: *Roar of wind and rain and water up. Another wave breaks.*

HOLMES (hoarse): Then you know, Cookie . . . you know we haven't a chance . . . (*Tense and low*) but, Cookie . . . we would have. . . . We wouldn't be going down . . . if we were lighter! (*Shout from way off through wind*) What is it . . . what is it, Cookie?

COOKIE: It's the quartermaster, sir. . . . It's Jano.

HOLMES (shouts against wind): Yes, Jano . . . what is it?

JANO: One of the women . . . (*Break in voice*) they say one of them is dead.

HOLMES: Sit still. Which one?

JANO: Mrs. Willis . . . the one we picked up from the sea a while back.

HOLMES: Sit still, sit still. . . . I warn you to sit still, Jano. Do you want to capsizes us!

COOKIE (close in, over wind): It's one of the women, sir. . . . Did you hear?

HOLMES (tense): Look to the oars. . . . (*Another wave about to crash*) Here comes another one . . . like a . . . wall! (*Grunts, tremendous energy*) I'll . . . brace . . . the . . . tiller . . . (*Quick intake of breath of fear. Screams from passengers*)

COOKIE (breathing hard): We made it, sir. . . . Just. . . . She's . . . still . . . righted.

HOLMES: Yes. . . . She's righted. . . . (*Calls, fear in voice*) Jano!

JANO: Sir?

HOLMES: You will have her body passed over the side.

JANO: A nasty sort of a job right now, sir.

HOLMES: Over the side. . . . Put her close to the bow so that we'll not ship a sea . . . and take care. . . . The water is right at the gunwales. . . . Look alive!

JANO: Aye, sir.

MAN (off, moan): Lucy . . . Lucy . . . they can't . . . (*Gasp of breath*) She's gone! (*Sobs*) Lucy . . .

JANO (up): It's done, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES (hard voice, covering fear): All right . . . sit still. (*Low*) That's some weight gone. She ought to ride better now.

COOKIE: She ought to, sir.

McCRUDY: With thirty-three people aboard there's little difference with one gone. The gunwales are still awash.

BIG JOE: God help us to bring them ashore, Mr. Holmes. . . . It was bad, letting her go . . . like that.

COOKIE: Bad! Don't say that! (*In*) It was the only thing to do, sir. . . . Don't feel no regret.

HOLMES: Regret? . . . What is it you're saying, Cookie?

COOKIE: The woman, sir. . . . You couldn't do nothin' else.



HOLMES: Oh . . . the woman. . . . No . . . no . . . I'm not sorry. Cookie could do something else . . . I could . . .

COOKIE: Mr. Holmes . . . what are ye sayin'?

HOLMES (hold on himself): I'm saying . . . we'll have to wait till morning for something . . . to save us. Look to the captain, Cookie, . . . you're letting his head roll.

COOKIE: The captain ought to 'a' been put in the bottom of the boat, sir. . . . He's powerful heavy. Something will be done, ye say. . . . There ain't nothing you can do.

McCRUDY: No . . . and that's a fact. . . . Only bail . . . and row. . . . It's all we got left to do, Holmes.

BIG JOE: An' pray. . . . I was never a one for my prayers, sir, but maybe we ought to use 'em now.

COOKIE (scorn): Pray! That don't help much in a sea like this, Big Joe. What can ye do, Mr. Holmes, what can ye do?

McCRUDY (nerves frayed): Shut up. Can't you see Mr. Holmes is doing all he can with the tiller? We just gotta trust that we'll get through, that's all.

COOKIE: You heard my words, . . . all three of you. . . . Something will be done . . . in the morning.

SOUND: *Sea up. Waves and heavy wash.*

MUSIC: *Changes character to indicate arrival of dawn.*

(*The passengers are heard talking faintly off mike*)

BOY (whimpers): Mother . . . mother . . .

WOMAN: Hush . . . hush. What is it?

BOY: I'm afraid, mother. . . . I dreamed . . . I dreamed . . . we turned over . . . and it was cold.

WOMAN: There, there, Billy . . . We'll be safe soon . . . safe when the ship gets here. It's coming. (*Voice breaks*). . . . It'll be here soon. (*Forcing herself*) A big white ship . . . with broad decks and sunshine.

MAN (tense): It's almost light enough to see now. . . . There should be a ship.

SECOND MAN: Will they see us? . . . Look at that water! Mountains of it!

THIRD MAN (mind wandering): Lucy . . . they had to let you go. . . . Lucy . . . I can't go back without you. . . .

FIRST MAN: There, Mr. Willis . . . take it easy.

SOUND: *Wash of sea. Voices fade in thunder of waves.*

COOKIE: It's a dirty dawn, sir. Worse'n yesterday.

McCRUDY: The men are almost exhausted, Mr. Holmes. They're bailing . . . but they're losing . . .

HOLMES (grim and short): Aye. (*Up. Shouts against wind*) Pull on the oars, men. You've got to give more weight.

MUSIC: *Back to music of the wind and storm.*

COOKIE: The wind's shifted, sir . . . and the clouds are rolling in.

HOLMES (quietly, deadly earnest): For a cook, you have uncommon good sense as a sailor.

COOKIE: That's not surprising, sir. I been three years a hand-fishin' outa Yarmouth.

HOLMES (still deadly): Then you know the sea . . .

COOKIE: Aye, sir . . . I know its laws . . .

HOLMES: How do I hold her, Cookie?

COOKIE: Ye hold 'er well, sir, well and good for one who's learned in steam. I've no doubt ye could take us to land from this very spot . . . if the craft could stay afloat, that is.

SOUND: *Terrific wash of water.*

HOLMES (terrified): Over the gunwale . . . that one! Bail! . . . Cookie . . . hold with me here . . . against the tiller. . . . We've got to bring her head (*Grunts*) up!

(*Ad lib terror among passengers*)

BOY (whimpers in terror): Mother . . . Mother . . . I'm thirsty.

WOMAN: No, no, Billy . . . not now. Billy . . . (*Hysterically*) Billy . . . Billy . . . don't look at the sea . . . Think . . . (*Panting*) think of your games . . . think of Jack home waiting for you . . . and the bicycle you got for Christmas.

MAN (dully): I got two little girls home . . . waiting for me . . . Pretty, too, hair like flax in the sun.

OTHER MAN (wash of sea): There'll be a ship . . . soon. . . . It's daylight now.

SECOND MAN (to himself, mind wandering, half sings, half speaks): In the gloaming . . . oh, my darling . . . (*Weird through sound of wind and sea*)

SOUND: *Wash of sea drowns it all out.*

HOLMES (close to mike): You're a man of the sea, Cookie. . . . You know . . . when something . . . must be done.

COOKIE (understands but is afraid, can't decide, situation is too much for him): I—I don't know, sir. Don't know what you mean.

HOLMES: I've marked my time. I can't hold off any longer. I've a responsibility, do you hear me, Cookie? I gave them until morning to find a ship to pick them up, but it's daylight now and no ship.

COOKIE: I hear what you're saying, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES: I've got to follow my mind. I believe in it, I think it is right. A life against lives. It's the honest thing to do. I'm Master. I'm to save my ship and men as best I know how. And this is all I know.

COOKIE: I hear you, sir . . . I hear you.

HOLMES: If the boat were lighter, we could weather this sea.

COOKIE: Aye, sir, but it ain't.

HOLMES: But, Cookie . . . there is a way to lighten this boat.

COOKIE (questioning): Yes, sir?

HOLMES: A way . . . and we'd best see it through while we've got the wood afloat under our heels. (*Very loud*) Everybody . . . keep your eyes here! Cookie, their eyes!

COOKIE: Yes . . . and their faces washed out . . . gray.

HOLMES (trying to cover excitement): Listen to me! Is there a soul aboard who disputes my command?

COOKIE: You're Master, sir. The Captain is down and out. We're all witnesses to that.

JANO (from middle of boat): You're Master, sir. There's none to dispute it.

HOLMES: Then get this!

COOKIE (horified): The pistol!

HOLMES: Yes, the pistol. And I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me. That is understood.

(*Ad lib faintly from passengers in boat*)

WOMAN (horror): A pistol! . . . He can't!

MAN: He's gone mad!

SECOND MAN: He'll sink us all!

(*Ad lib of horror up and fade into wash of sea*)

JANO (nearer mike): Put the gun away, Holmes! Are you out of your head?

HOLMES: I've got to talk fast before the next wave drowns me out, and you haven't heard me out yet. We must face this situation. We must accept the fact that we got out no distress signal. There is no proof we did.

(*Ad lib again from passengers*)

MAN: No radio message?

SECOND MAN: No ship coming?

BOY (crying): Mamma . . .

WOMAN (choking): Billy . . . we'll be all right. . . . Hush, Billy. . . . Hush!

SOUND: *Wash of sea up again.*

HOLMES (loud): There will be no rescue ship. We are nearly a thousand miles due east of land. I warn you now, this craft is doomed if she stays loaded (*Very dully, coldly, bluntly*) as she is. The next sea or the next or the next and we'll all go under. If she were lighter . . . (*Catches breath*) if she were lighter she could endure it, she could endure anything, for a row for land or a passing ship. The craft must be lightened.

JANO (shouting over the wind): You're daft! You can't lighten this boat without sending someone over the side.

HOLMES: Then it's over the side with some of you. What else . . .

COOKIE (in terror): Look out! . . . Here comes a big one!

SOUND: *Roar of sea, faint screams of passengers, grunts of men as they pull on the oars.*

JANO (desperately, struggling with words): I'll be no party to it.

HOLMES (doesn't hear him . . . steady voice . . . fighting for control of himself): The weaklings must go. The ones who are no use. We want the men who'll row a thousand miles to land, who'll not fall faint when the food gives out.

(*Wash of sea. Ad lib of passengers off mike in background*)

MAN: He means to murder us!

WOMAN: He can't. . . . They won't let him. . . .

MAN: He's mad!

JANO (shouting): It's wrong! You

can't do this, Holmes. It's murder.

HOLMES (very quietly): No . . . that is not murder. This is murder. The weight of a pair of weeping women . . . a child . . . the weight of three seasick men. This weight, so useless—so completely useless, is murder. It will swamp this ship and kill others who have a right to live.

MCGRUDY (horror-stricken): No, Holmes . . . no! I say no!

HOLMES (continuing, deadly calm and quiet): There are the living in this boat who want to keep on living. It is the right of self-preservation, and I believe in it. Murder to keep this supercargo aboard and kill the chances of every soul here.

JANO (screaming): You can't do it! You can't throw a woman to the sea.

HOLMES (deadly quiet): Will you volunteer to go in her place? (Pause) Will you? (Pause) You don't answer. All right then . . . the wind is freshening and the seas are rising. It grows worse. We've little time enough before she swings around and takes one on the beam to capsize us. I'll not have all hands die to save the few unfitting. Those are orders. Slide the women over the side when we drop in the next trough, and mind you're careful not to ship a sea in the doing. Look alive!

FIRST WOMAN (screams off mike): You can't! . . . You can't send me over . . . you can't!

HOLMES: Quartermaster! You have your orders.

JANO: I'll have no part of them! I'll take my chances aboard with the weak. It's women and children first to be saved. That's always been the law of the sea!

HOLMES: You've no choice. I've ordered you. Quartermaster, slide the women over!

JANO: Be damned to you, sir. (Women begin to sob and moan. Protests from men)

SOUND: *Shot. Great wash of sea. Gasp of breath.*

HOLMES (ignoring him): Torano, Smith, Harris . . . slide the Quartermaster's body over the side.

MCGRUDY (horror-stricken): Holmes, you win. . . . but it's murder!

HOLMES: Torano, Smith, Harris . . . slide that woman over the side.

HARRIS (rough, wild voice): I can't do it, sir! I'll slide the dead off the beam any time, but I can't drop a living body overboard that way!

HOLMES: Harris you're a strong lad, and we'll need you in the boat. I ask you again to assist. I am ordering you, and the responsibility is mine.

HARRIS (almost numb, gasping, horror-stricken): Very well, sir . . . very . . .

SOUND: *The voice is drowned in a*

tremendous surge of water rushing by.
 COOKIE (shouts over crash): She'll not last another like that!

HOLMES: Get the woman over; then bail, Harris!

MAN: You can't! . . . She's ill . . . she's ill. . . . Anna! . . . (Fainter) Anna. . . .

ANNA (screaming far off mike): Don't . . . don't let me go! . . . Don't let me . . .

SOUND: *Splash; crash of sea up.*

MAN: God . . . she's gone! She's gone . . . gone!

HOLMES (in voice deadly cold): The other woman—you on the portside, Big Joe! . . . McCruddy, Dannemore! Quick . . . quick . . . before another crest!

WOMAN (choking): Billy . . . Billy . . . Billy . . . oh, kiss me! . . . No . . . stay there, son. Sit down . . . Billy . . .

BOY: Mummy, Mummy . . .

SOUND: *Crash of water.*

HOLMES: Bail, men . . . bail! . . . We can't stay up much longer. Now let the boy go.

TORANO: He's light. He don't weigh nothin' at all. I know. I gotta kid like dat 'home.

HOLMES: Over the side.

COOKIE: Mr. Holmes. . . . (Horror in voice) You can't!

HOLMES: Now . . . the old man . . . and the one next to him.

SOUND: *Wash of sea up.*

COOKIE (very low to Holmes, in frozen, unreal voice): It makes a difference. Her head's lifting a little.

HOLMES: I'm not through. . . . Miguel Certa . . . your arm is broken. You won't last.

MIGUEL (quietly): I'd like a chance in the sea—I'd like a life preserver, please.

HOLMES (shortly): Give him a life preserver. (Almost pleading tone) You understand, Miguel, don't you? You know what I'm doing?

MIGUEL (coldly): I know what you're doing . . . and may your soul be damned for it. I hope you live through this. They'll hang you for it.

SOUND: *Wash of sea up and down. Splash.*

HOLMES: Cabin boy . . . John Merritt.

CABIN BOY: Let me stay, sir. I'll do my turn at the oars—I'll row till my hands break, but give me a chance, sir, I'm young . . .

HOLMES: You're too little. You haven't the strength to pull an oar. You'd drink the water and eat the food. It's the row, lad; it's the row I'm thinking of, the row to land from this spot. We've got to have a craft to do it, and the right men to man the boat. No dead weight. Over you go, lad—will you have a life belt?

CABIN BOY (shrilly, terrified): I don't want to go.

HOLMES (grimly, hanging on to himself): Over with him, men!

SOUND: *Splash.*

HOLMES: She's riding easier now—she's feeling the tiller. (Sharp) Cookie!

COOKIE (horror still numbs him): Yes, sir.

HOLMES: Can you slide the old man off?

COOKIE: The Captain, sir? . . . You're ordering me?

HOLMES: Is he conscious?

COOKIE: No . . . he ain't that, sir.

HOLMES: Good. Slide him.

SOUND: *Splash, rush of sea. Wind and oarlocks up. Hold down to background again.*

HOLMES: Now then . . . keep the oars going. Give her steerageway, and she'll ride. She's got what she wants now—and she'll hold to.

COOKIE: She rides beautiful. . . . Ye could sail this bug clear to China now.

HOLMES: I did right, Cookie—saving of twenty-two through the loss of ten. I did right, didn't I, Cookie?

COOKIE (guardedly): She rides beautiful. . . . She bites in like a bank fisherman, she does. She'll float, sir.

HOLMES: I did right, didn't I, Cookie?

COOKIE: I ain't the one to say, sir.

SOUND: *Wash of waves and wind up, slowly diminishing. Orchestra subdued, in sharp contrast to storminess of previous scenes. Men dull, hushed.*

BIG JOE (over creak of oarlocks): Look in the east, there's the sun coming up, Mr. McCruddy.

McCRUDY: That means good weather. The grayness is fading.

COOKIE: Aye, and the seas are dropping. Just a roll now. It'll be calm before noon.

McCRUDY: The boat goes easy. With luck we might make a landfall.

BIG JOE: If we don't see a ship first. The storm's blown itself out. They might see us now.

COOKIE: Aye, and we've still got a sturdy boat beneath us.

McCRUDY (breathless): Wait—look! A ship!

(Ad libs and hoarse cheering)

COOKIE: Look at her. . . . She's coming this way. . . . All trim . . . and white . . . and clean. . . . Look at her!

SOUND: *Distant whistle.*

McCRUDY: A passenger ship . . . and she's seen us! It's over . . . it's over.

(More cheering)

MAN (through cheering): She's from the south. Maybe they picked up Miguel.

SECOND (wanting to believe it): Aye maybe they did. He had a chance. He floated south. They could have picked him up.

(More cheers and up, then down)

McCRUDY: Pull, men, pull! We haven't far to go now.

SOUND: *Renewed, vigorous sound of squeaking oarlocks.*

HOLMES (voice very old, very tired, almost like voice from grave; haunted): Cookie!

COOKIE (very cold, remote): Yes sir.

HOLMES (begging): Cookie . . . I did right. Tell me I did right, Cookie!

COOKIE: I'm not the one to say, sir.

HOLMES: Don't move, Cookie. . . . Stay here in the stern. . . . Where are you going?

COOKIE (quietly): I'm going to sit with the men, sir, on the thwarts . . . to pull.

HOLMES: I did right. You know I did right. We'd never have weathered last night with that supercargo aboard.

COOKIE: It's not for us to say, sir.

HOLMES: You know I did right . . . all of you. . . . You know it. . . . You know it was the only way. You know the boat was too heavy. . . . She didn't steer. . . . (Breaking) Don't stare at me like that. . . . Don't stare at me like that! (Voice mounting. Then he gets control of himself.)

BIG JOE: We had no hand in it, sir.

McCRUDY: It was your responsibility, Holmes.

HOLMES (very old): My responsibility—I saved you, didn't I? I saved you! All of you.

BIG JOE: You threatened us, sir.

HOLMES: But you're here—and that ship is on its way to take you home. Don't you see? . . . I was right. . . . I did right—you were with me . . . then! (Pause)

SOUND: *Lap of sea. Creak of oarlocks up.*

HOLMES (pleading): McCruddy! . . . (Silence) Big Joe! . . . (Silence. Voice mounts in pleading as he calls each name until the last names are wrenching from him painfully) Harris . . .! (Pause) Smith . . .! (Pause. Desperate) Torano! I saved you . . . I saved you! Cookie, I did right! You know it!

COOKIE: We obeyed orders, that's all—under threat o' death, we did. It's not for us to say who's right. It's for the law.

NARRATOR: The cook shivered as he sat there. He thought, while Mr. Holmes held the lifeboat off toward the lee of the approaching steamship, that the mate at the tiller looked as alone and solitary as anything in heaven or earth, and he shivered for Mr. Holmes again. They all kept staring at the man; they could not take their eyes off him as he slumped in the stern, his right arm hooked around the tiller, his gaunt and terrible face hollowed as if he had fasted for a year and lived to tell the tale, his seashrunken hands trembling quite openly, his stern gray eyes troubled and dismayed, still fixed upon the movement of the sea, while he held them off the wind and waited patiently.

MUSIC: Up to finish.



November

We saw leaves go to glory,
Then almost migratory
Got part way down the lane,
And then to end the story
Get beaten down and pasted
In one wild day of rain.
We heard 'Tis over' roaring.
A year of leaves was wasted.
Oh, we make a boast of storing,
Of saving and of keeping,
But only by ignoring
The waste of moments sleeping,
The waste of pleasure weeping,
By denying and ignoring
The waste of nations warring.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

To Earthward

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things
The flow of—was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung,

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermath
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

Poems by Robert Frost

Some of the best-loved poems

of America's most honored poet

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Rollicking reminiscences of New York back**First Suit of Longies**

HERBIE GOMEZ and I got our first longies about a week before we started high school. Father hadn't been easy to win over. He said that if Herbie's father wanted to get him longies that was his business and anyhow Herbie was at least a head taller than I. But Mother helped me. She told Father that there was just no telling when and where a fellow might need long pants when he went to high school.

As soon as Father yielded, Mother took me to Franklin Simon's store on Fifth Avenue. The clerk had to do considerable searching through his stock for sizes small enough to fit me. He was quick about it though. With the air of a magician pulling a rabbit out of a hat he removed a suit of gray worsted from a rack and held it out for our admiration.

Mother and I liked it on sight. The clerk rolled up the legs of one pair of pants and showed me where the dressing room was so that I could try the suit on.

When I came out of the dressing room Mother choked up and dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. The clerk nodded sympathetically and remarked that many of his customers reacted the same way. It took the first pair of long trousers to make mothers realize that their sons had grown up.

"He's starting high school this term," Mother said, "De Witt Clinton."

I tried to appear nonchalant as the tailor went over me with tape, chalk, and pins. Herbie had advised me to instruct the tailor to pleat my pants like the Prince of Wales'. But the tailor was so busy tucking in and pulling up I thought I'd better not complicate matters.

When he had finished, the clerk promised that the suit would be delivered that Saturday.

I could hardly wait for the suit to arrive. I put it on with my new necktie in college colors and a pair of socks I carefully selected from several that Mother had bought for me.

Father, who was one of New York's outstanding veterinary surgeons, took a look at me between calls and said that I looked just fine even if some neighbors would think that he had taken in a midget for a boarder.

Herbie called for me and showed me how to arrange an extra handkerchief so that it would stick out of the breast

Reprinted by permission from *Knee Pants*, by Emile C. Schurmacher, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York City. Copyright, 1950, by Emile C. Schurmacher.

in the days when boys graduated from knee pants

when they started high school . . . A Book Excerpt—

Knee Pants

By Emile Schurmacher

Illustration by Donald McKay

pocket with three points. Then we took a walk down Fifth Avenue so that people could admire us.

Herbie told me that the blue serge suit of longies that he was wearing was only his Sunday suit. His father had also bought him a brown suit with extra pants to wear during the week when he would be attending Stuyvesant High School. He asked me about the color of my other suit. I told him that Mother had bought me only one suit of longies, the one I had on.

It was then that the terrible realization dawned on me. My parents hadn't bought me longies to wear for good. They had bought me a once-in-a-while suit. With it I could be a grown man on weekends and holidays. But when Monday and school rolled around I'd have to be a kid again.

That night I tried to convince my parents of the tragedy of leading a double life in longies and in knee pants. Father was adamant and his arguments unanswerable. He pointed out that I had been pestering him for a long time to get me longies. He had promised to do so when I started going to high school. He had faithfully kept his promise.

But, he added, he was not made of money. I had several good knee-pants suits in my closet. When they began to

wear out he would replace them with longies. But positively no more long-pants suits would be bought with his money until I wore out the others.

Father had me neatly trapped. I could wear my new gray worsted every single day if I wished. That decision was up to me. If I wore it out, however, those knee panters would still be waiting in the closet. Reluctantly I decided that the longies would have to be once-in-a-whilers. I started off to high school wearing knee pants.

One morning on my way to school I was walking west from Columbus Circle looking into the store windows as usual when I noticed something new in the window of Mahoney's Pawnshop. It was a blue suit with long pants.

Somebody, evidently in a hurry, had hung it on the window curtain pole so that the neck of the banjo beneath it stuck up one leg. Pinned to it was a scrawled sign reading: "Natty-\$7-Credit."

I went up and made a closer examination. It wasn't just blue the way Herbie's blue serge suit was. Even on the shady side of the street it was a bright, vivid blue. The coat was thrown back so that I could see the vest beneath. The vest claimed my attention immediately. It had little lapels!!

I stared at them. This, I told myself,



was something that would really bowl over Herbie if he could see it. With all his talk about a Prince of Wales pleat in his pants he wasn't the snappiest dresser in the world. But I would be. When Father finally gave in and consented to buy me another suit of longies I'd ask for one with lapels on my vest.

Then an inspiration hit me. Why not get this one? Suppose I was able to buy it on credit out of my allowance and wear it every day to school? Then with my gray worsted for Saturdays and Sundays I'd be in longies for good.

Spurred with enthusiasm I went into the store and up to the man behind the pawnshop cage. Before I could speak he shook his head.

"Minors," he said sternly, "ain't allowed to hock anything."

"I don't want to hock anything, Mr. Mahoney," I said.

"Mahoney, he calls me!" He said accusingly. "My name's Dill. There ain't no Mahoney. What do you want?"

"I'd like to look at the suit you have in the window, Mr. Dill," I said.

"So why can't your poppa come?" he asked suspiciously. I told him that I was thinking of buying the suit for myself. He got it out of the window and laid it on the counter. It looked very blue.

"Will it fit me?" I asked dubiously.

"Sure," said Mr. Dill with conviction.

"What about the pants?" I asked.

"Right from off'n the legs of a big bank president who was a natty dresser," he said.

I asked him what he meant by credit.

"I mean seven dollars," said Mr. Dill. "Five dollars down and a dollar a week. I can't let this here suit especially imported from Paris, France, for a big bank president go for a penny less."

Now I knew why the vest had lapels. It was a French suit. I wondered who the bank president was for whom it had been imported and how it had come to be on sale in the store. Maybe the bank president needed money badly and had to pawn the suit.

It didn't do me any good to wonder. I started out of the store.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Dill. "How

much will you pay for this beautiful suit?"

I said that I thought I could give him fifty cents a week. He scratched his face reflectively. I looked at the clock on the wall behind him and saw that I'd have to hurry if I didn't want to be late to class.

"I have to go to school now, Mr. Dill," I said. "I'll be back to see you after school."

"Oh, a student," he said. "That makes a difference. How much money you got on you now?"

I told Mr. Dill I hadn't expected to buy a suit when I started off for school that morning. All I had with me was my quarter for lunch money and a nickel for carfare home.

He showed his disappointment by making a face as if he had just sucked a lemon. I knew that he wanted to help me, however. He held me by the sleeve when I started to leave.

"If'n I put the suit back in the window again somebody'll snap it right up," he said. "You give me a quarter now for a deposit to hold it till after school. Then we'll figger a credit for you and you can have the suit."

That sounded fair to me. I gave Mr. Dill my quarter and hurried to school tremendously pleased with myself.

The first period was biology. Our teacher, Mr. Tietz, spent it explaining about the stamen and pistil of flowers. While he was drawing a picture of a hollyhock and a bee on the blackboard I had a chance to do some figuring in my notebook. I estimated that by eating two hamburgers and a glass of milk, costing fifteen cents, for lunch for only fourteen weeks I could pay Mr. Dill fifty cents a week easy. It wasn't even a full fourteen weeks because I had already given him twenty-five cents. I could do it all on the weekday allowance without dipping into my weekend dollar at all.

When lunch period came I was hungry. I spent my lunch period in the study hall reading a book to avoid the temptation of buying a candy bar.

I was a little hungry after lunch period when I attended classes. But as soon as school was over, in my excitement I forgot all about it and hurried off to the pawnshop.

Mr. Dill was waiting. "I've been fixing up your credit," he said. "I can allow you two dollars for the suit you have on. You paid me twenty-five cents down. So all you have to pay me is \$5.25 or fifty cents every week."

"But that comes to \$7.50, Mr. Dill," I said. "The suit is marked \$7.00."

"Sure it's marked," he said, "but credit costs too. It costs you fifty cents. Besides I'm losing heavy by allowing you two dollars on the old suit you're wearing. Try on the suit."

I went behind the counter and put it on. The waist of the pants came up to my armpits but the vest hid that when I put it on. The pants legs were much too long and so were the sleeves. Even Mr. Dill admitted that I couldn't wear the suit home.

"For another dollar," he said, "I can take the suit home and have my wife shorten the sleeves and pants tonight."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "it isn't just the sleeves and the pants. The suit is big on me all around."

I was getting into financial complications deeper than I had anticipated. Besides I suspected that Father would be angry if I sold my old suit to Mr. Dill for two dollars.

"Of course the suit is roomy all around," Mr. Dill exploded. "When you put on long pants you also start to put on weight. What kind of a guy would you think I am if you hadda come back here in six months or a year and say to me: 'Sam Dill, look what a tight suit you sold me.' I don't treat my customers like that!"

I told Mr. Dill I was sorry I had caused him so much trouble. I explained to him that I couldn't let him have the suit I had on. I'd just have to start saving from my allowance and some day when I had enough I'd come in and buy a suit from him.

Mr. Dill looked sad and thoughtful. He happened to look down and see the new Waterman fountain pen that Mother had given me when I started going to high school. He asked me to show it to him. Then he explained how to dissolve that impasse.

He would let me pay him fifty cents a week for seventeen weeks and meanwhile hold the fountain pen for security. At the end of that time I'd own the suit and he'd give me back my fountain pen. It was just as easy as that.

On the following day after school I called at the pawnshop. Mr. Dill had the suit ready and I put it on. He nodded approvingly. "Just keep the bands on the vest tight and the coat open and you'll look wonderful, especially when you fill out a little," he told me.

I decided to wear the suit home and he tied up the one I had been wearing in newspapers.

I walked over to Columbus Circle slowly, casting sidelong glances at reflections of myself in store windows. The suit was even bluer than I had thought. In the sunlight it was sort of aquamarine. It would be a nice contrast to my gray worsted. The pants flapped when I walked because they were so wide. The bank president was probably a bigger man than Mrs. Dill suspected.

When I got off the trolley car and started to walk toward our house I suddenly felt a little panicky. How, I asked myself, was I going to explain this new

suit of longies to my parents when they saw me wearing it?

I stopped in my tracks. Then I made for the nearest brownstone house, went into the areaway and cautiously looked down the block. Father's car was not in sight. I walked briskly to our house, into the lobby, and to the recess behind the stairs. Our elevator boy slept there on a mattress at night. He was at the switchboard when I came in.

He came around to take a look. "Oh," he said, "it's you. What you up to?"

I took Edward into my confidence and explained I had bought the suit myself and I didn't want my parents to find out about it. I told him that I wanted to leave it behind the stairs when I came home at night. In the morning before I left for school I'd change clothes and leave my knee-pants suit behind the stairs. Edward said that was all right with him so long as he wasn't responsible and I didn't stand on his mattress with muddy shoes.

For almost three weeks the system worked out fine. Then one day I came home as usual and went behind the staircase to change. My knee-pants suit wasn't there. I sneaked out into the lobby and called Edward.

"Where's my suit?" I asked.

"Ain't no suit," he said. "It's been swiped along with my best shoes and the alarm clock that Mr. Moberly gave me to wake up early."

"Geel!" I said, shocked. "You're not fooling?"

"Somebody sneaked them off while I was up in the elevator," said Edward. "I've called the cops couple of hours ago."

"Geel!" I said again. "I better get upstairs and change before my folks come home."

"They're home," said Edward. "I took them up about half hour ago."

I went upstairs and I could hear my heart pounding as I rang the bell. Bertha, our maid, answered it.

"Hello," she said. "You want milk and cookies or milk and bread with marmalade—*Donnerwetter!* Where did you get such a suit?"

"I'll tell you later, Bertha," I promised. "I've been robbed. I've got to change right away."

It was the wrong thing to say.

"Robbed?" Bertha shrieked. "You was held up by bandits?"

That brought Father out in the hall to see what the commotion was about. He saw me. He just stared for a few seconds. Then he told me to come into the parlor where Mother could see me too. There was a startled expression on her face.

"Now," Father said sternly, "suppose you explain the meaning of this masquerade."

"It isn't a masquerade," I protested.

"It's an Imported French suit of longies that I'm buying from Mr. Dill on credit."

"Credit," Mother corrected automatically. "Who is Mr. Dill?"

I told them the whole story right from the beginning. Mother was considerably upset that I had gone into a pawnshop. For some reason or other she was positive that this would lead me into becoming a gambler.

"He's dressed like one all right," Father commented in a caustic voice. "Just look at that vest!"

"Emile isn't to blame," Mother said, rallying to my defense. "I really think that it is our fault."

"How do you mean, Jeanne?" Father asked in surprise.

"Well, after all, you can't expect a young man who goes to high school, to De Witt Clinton, to be a little boy one day and a man the next," Mother said. "Once he is allowed to wear long trousers, he should be allowed to wear them all the time."

"Hm!" said Father. "Before we talk about it further, get out of those clothes. Send them down to the cellar for the janitor to burn. There's no telling who wore them before."

"A bank president wore them," I said. "That's what Mr. Dill told me."

"About your Mr. Dill," Father said, "he had no legal right to sell a minor anything on the installment plan. Or to take for security the good fountain pen Mother gave you. But you agreed to it. Now it's a debt of honor for you to pay off."

In addition to paying Mr. Dill fifty cents a week out of my allowance until I had paid it all and redeemed my fountain pen, Father made me promise never again to buy anything on the installment plan or pawn anything.

On the following Saturday, quite unexpectedly, Mother took me down to Franklin Simon's again. There she bought me two suits with long pants, a blue serge and a brown. The brown one had a Prince of Wales pleat in it, just like Herbie's.

I was out of knee pants for good.

Boating on the Hudson

Father capitulated to the lure of a Buick coupe after a seemingly endless succession of Fords. I had hoped that in sharing the pleasurable excitement of the new car with his family Father would let me drive it. He didn't. I was confronted with the same unyielding stone wall which had barred me from driving the Ford. I wasn't eighteen and I didn't have an automobile license. In a couple of years when I got to be eighteen I could take a test and get a license. Then Father would permit me to drive.

In school I discovered that a friend of mine, Bobby Blake, was up against the same sad situation, except that Bobby's father owned a Reo.

Bobby was crazy about boats. He had discovered the adventurous possibilities of power boats on the Hudson River after finally giving up all hopes of driving the family Reo. From then on he haunted the boat yards and boat clubs which sprawled along the Hudson.

He told me that he was saving up to buy a boat of his own. In the meantime he had gotten a group of fellows together who chipped in and chartered a small cruiser for Sunday trips on the Hudson. He asked me several times to go along.

One day I accepted Bobby's standing invitation. Bertha insisted on packing some sandwiches for me. She made some shopping big Swiss cheese sandwiches for me and put them in a shoe box with pickles. Right in front of Mother she took a smoked goose leg out of the icebox. Mother had bought it for Father. Bertha rolled it up carefully in waxed paper and put it in the shoe box.

I met Bobby early on Sunday morning at West's Boat Club near Dyckman Street. He was standing in the cockpit of a handsome thirty-foot motor cruiser tied to the end of the dock. He wore sailor pants and a gab's hat and looked quite nautical. He introduced me to Ted Grayson.

Ted was a sandy-haired young fellow in his twenties. He owned the cruiser and captained her. He let Bobby do much of the work around the cruiser, even most of the steering. This was Bobby's reward for getting the fellows for the charter.

Bobby told me to put my things in the cabin. I was just going into the cabin to put my lunch box there when a girl came out. I was so surprised to see her that I just stared. She was very pretty and had dark, bobbed hair that curled. She wore a white dress. I saw that behind her in the cabin she had left a big straw hat with daisies on it and a bathing bag and a box of lunch on a bunk cushion. She looked at home, as though she were coming along.

Bobby introduced us. Her name was Eve Waters.

"I didn't know that there was going to be a girl along," I said.

"I won't bite you," Eve said tartly.

"I didn't mean it that way," I said apologetically. "I thought that this was going to be a sort of rough-and-ready trip for fellows and . . ."

"Don't bother to explain," she said. "I know what you mean."

"It's my fault," Bobby said. "All the fellows bring girls. I thought you'd take it for granted and bring one too. When you came aboard alone I figured that

your girl had stood you up at the last minute and . . ."

"I haven't got a girl," I interrupted crossly. "I didn't know it was going to be that kind of trip."

"That's all right. You can share Eve with me," Bobby offered generously. "I'm kept pretty busy running the boat anyhow."

"Thank you," said Eve haughtily. "I wouldn't dream of having either of you put you out. I brought my part along, I can study it."

She walked toward the stern and propped herself on some boat cushions. She stared across the Hudson at the Palisades. I couldn't tell whether she was angry at me or Bobby or both of us. I stood there feeling very uncomfortable.

"Forget it," Bobby said. "C'mon, you can help me coil some rope."

I went forward and helped Bobby and Ted. It wasn't long before the others began to come aboard. There were six fellows and each one had a girl with him.

Bobby introduced me. The girls were all pretty and seemed very grown up. Bobby told me their names as well as those of the fellows when we shook hands but I couldn't make out who was who.

I envied the easy-going way in which Bobby kidded them all. I felt embarrassed and out of it.

Ted started the engine. We cast off and began cruising up the Hudson. Bobby was at the wheel. There was a rapt expression on his face. He looked as though he just lived for Sundays when he could steer the cruiser. I stood beside him and watched.

As we drew abreast of the wooded cliffs of Alpine the girls went down into the cabin. I could hear them giggling and laughing. They soon came out wearing bathing suits and sun glasses. They lay on the deck up forward or lounged in chairs in the big cockpit and took sun baths. Then the fellows went down into the cabin, changed into their bathing suits, and joined the girls.

Eve was sitting in a deck chair. She had put on a dark-red bathing suit and white sneakers. She had a book in her hands. Bobby told me to go back and talk to her.

"She's reading," I said.

"Go on," said Bobby, "don't be afraid."

I told him I wasn't afraid. I went back and stood beside her. I asked her what she was reading.

"I'm not reading. I'm studying," she answered. "It's *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand. Do you know the play?"

"No," I answered.

"I'm studying Roxane," she informed me.

"That's nice," I commented dubiously. It seemed to me she was waiting for me to say something else.

"It's a good part," she said. "I hope I can do it justice."

"Oh," I exclaimed, light dawning, "you're an actress!"

"I'm a member of the Lenox Hill Players," she said impressively. "It's one of the best little-theater groups in New York."

"That's fine," I said. I was finding it difficult to make conversation.

She looked down at her book. Then she looked up at me as though she didn't see me. In a low, dramatic voice she said:

"To my mind no one exists who can say the pretty nothings which are everything, as delicately as he."

"What is that?" I asked. "Oh, you're studying."

She closed her eyes and repeated the lines slowly. I stood there looking at her for a few seconds and decided I'd better go away.

I went back to Bobby at the wheel. "She's always studying," Bobby said. "She's nuts about acting. We'll snap her out of it when we anchor off Peekskill Point. That's where we all go swimming and have our lunch. I hope she's brought enough for the three of us. The girls bring their own and their fellows' lunches, you know."

I told him that Bertha had packed a big lunch for me.

Just before we reached Peekskill Point, Bobby turned over the wheel to Ted and we went down into the cabin and got into our bathing suits.

Then we went out on deck. The fellows were diving overboard and telling the girls how warm the water was. Then the girls dove in too. I took a swim myself. We were in the water a long time. I was good and hungry when I came out. It was almost three o'clock.

The fellows were pairing off with their girls and opening up their lunches. I made my way forward over carelessly extended legs to where Bobby was sitting with Eve. They had arranged themselves in the bow with the forward part of the trunk cabin serving as a comfortable backrest. It was evident that they expected me to eat with them.

"Have a sandwich," Eve said.

"I brought some along too," I said.

"We'll finish Eve's first," said Bobby, helping himself. "Then we'll get to yours."

Eve handed me one of her sandwiches. It was a small carefully made morsel of peanut butter and jelly on white bread. I looked at Eve. She was eating one daintily. She had even, white teeth. Everything about her was nice and neat, her dark hair, her white dress, her slim fingers.

Then I thought of the big, thick

Swiss cheese sandwiches on rye bread that Bertha had put in the shoe box for me.

Suddenly I was embarrassed at the idea of offering one of my husky, unattractive sandwiches to a beautiful actress like Eve who was going to play the part of Roxane. Somehow it seemed like sacrilege.

"Whatcha got in yours?" asked Bobby reaching for my shoe box.

"Swiss on rye," I said as he opened the box.

"Have one, Eve," he said, extending the box to her.

She looked into it and her pretty upturned nose wrinkled in an expression of distaste. I wished then that I had managed to drop the box overboard before Bobby opened it.

"All cheese?" she asked. "I don't like cheese. What's this in the corner?"

One small, probing hand had come in contact with the goose leg. I had completely forgotten about it.

"It's a smoked goose leg," I said miserably.

"Well," she said, "I've never tasted anything like this before. I'm still hungry. Mind if I try it?"

"Try it?" I asked dumbly.

She grasped the bone firmly in her hand. Then, as I watched in utter disbelief she raised the goose leg to her mouth and bit into it daintily. She liked it. She took several bites and then put it down on a paper napkin. There's a lot to eat on a smoked goose leg.

"Here, you finish it," she said.

I shook my head. Bobby said that he'd try it and he picked it up. I scarcely heard him. I was looking at Eve and something was happening to me. And to her.

As I looked I felt that while she might still be a beautiful actress, she was no longer a remote being. The smoked goose leg had been a magician's wand bringing her down to earth. She was a girl a fellow could talk to. I reached for a Swiss cheese on rye.

"I thought you weren't hungry," she said with a smile.

"I guess the swim gave me an appetite," I said. "You know I'd like to see you in *Cyrano*. I'll bet you'll be great as Roxane."

"I'll sell you a ticket when they go on sale," she promised. "Everyone in the cast has to sell tickets."

"How'll I know?" I asked.

"You can phone me," she said. "I'll give you my telephone number."

"Maybe if I call you," I said, "you'll go to the movies or something with me."

"Maybe," said Eve.

It was almost dark when we started down the Hudson. Eve sat between Bobby and me up in the bow with our backs against the cabin combing.

Back in the cockpit one of the fellows began singing "Clementine" and we all joined in. Then we sang "Juanita," "Santa Lucia," and a lot of other songs.

I didn't sing very well but I sang good and loud with the others.

All the way home.

Graduation in a Jackass Head

Eve was the most beautiful and inspiring actress in the world. It hit me all of a sudden, the minute she came out on the stage in the little-theatre production of *Cyrano*.

As Roxane she wasn't quite the same Eve I knew on occasional boat rides and movie dates. She portrayed Eve as I sometimes thought of her when I was alone. I was a little resentful that an audience of strangers was permitted to share this picture with me.

After the performance I took her home in a taxicab, recklessly squandering the remainder of my weekly allowance. I walked two miles home fired with a new ambition. I decided that when I was graduated from De Witt Clinton at the end of the term I wouldn't go to college. I would become a playwright.

I was going to be the one to help Eve rise to great dramatic heights. I would write plays for her which would make the critics rave about her art.

I wasn't sure how to go about becoming a playwright but I thought that getting into the senior play might be a good start. For graduation our class planned to present some scenes from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I won the part of Bottom the Weaver without competition.

Mr. Brooks, the dramatic coach, said that it was necessary to put someone small in that part because the jackass head was a little undersized. When he found out that I fitted into it he was very grateful.

Between rehearsals and studying for final examinations, graduation day rolled around almost before I knew it. Mother and Father promised to come early to the ceremonies so that they could get good seats and not miss any part of my performance. But Father hoped there wouldn't be a lot of long-winded speeches as they made him restless.

"If there are, you can sit through them this one evening," Mother said reprovingly. "It isn't every day that our son graduates from De Witt Clinton High School."

"All right, Jeanne," Father agreed amiably. "I won't even phone Bertha to see if there are any calls until after the last diploma has been given out."

Right after supper I had to leave for school to get into my costume. It was a hot night and the papier-mâche jackass

head made me hotter still. Its smell also made me a little dizzy. There were several speeches first. Some of them were pretty long. Finally our play went on.

When I came out on the stage to speak my lines I tried to locate Father and Mother. I couldn't tell where they were sitting because the auditorium was dark. Besides I couldn't see very well. The holes in the jackass head were a little too high and I had to look up to peer out of them.

I couldn't see my feet on the stage. In spite of that I made out pretty well. I tripped just once on an imitation rock which was part of the scenery. The audience only laughed and thought it was in the play.

After the play was over we got a lot of applause. Then we had to wash up in a hurry, get into our blue serge suits, and run around to the front of the auditorium. The lights were on and the rest of our class was waiting to march up to the stage to receive diplomas.

As we marched down the aisle I caught sight of Father and Mother. Mother was all smiles but Father looked stern. I thought the speeches had been a little too much for him.

As soon as the ceremony was over I made for Father and Mother. They both congratulated me. Then we went outside and got into a taxicab.

Father was strangely silent. He didn't speak until we were almost home. Then he said: "Of all the parts in the play why did you pick that particular one?"

"I didn't pick it," I said. "Mr. Brooks, our dramatic coach, gave it to me."

"I see," said Father sternly, "and does your Mr. Brooks happen to know what profession I'm in?"

"I don't think so," I said, "unless he remembered the composition I wrote for him on 'My Father's Occupation.' I got a 90 on it."

"He remembered all right," said Father grimly. "Veterinary surgery is not a common profession. Your Mr. Brooks had a colossal nerve to put a jackass' head on you and make you clown around before my eyes in front of thousands of people!"

"He didn't make me," I protested. "And I didn't clown. I couldn't see very well and . . ."

"Now, Joseph," Mother interceded, "don't take it so to heart. You're a little tired after listening to all those speeches. Graduation is over and done with and Emile has his diploma. Next fall he'll be going to college."

"I'm not going to college," I announced flatly. I felt hurt.

"You're not?" Mother asked in surprise. "What do you want to do?"

"I'm going to be . . ." I began. But as the taxicab drove up to our door I caught a glance of Father's face. It

still looked stern and uncompromising. This was a bad time to announce my intentions of becoming a playwright.

"I'm going to get a job," I said. "Something that has to do with writing. I'm going to start looking around right away."

"Maybe that isn't a bad idea," Father relented. "It'll give you a chance to find yourself. I had several jobs before I went to college."

The Human Traffic Tower

A week later I found the job that appealed to me. It was with the Guardian Advertising Agency at 511 Fifth Avenue and it paid twenty dollars a week to start. Moreover it was a writing job.

The agency had just one account. It spent more than a million dollars a year describing in intimate detail how people who were run-down could take a tonic called Nuxated Iron and become well and strong again.

Mr. Phipps, the man who interviewed me, said that I seemed a bit young to write copy but I assured him that I had a talent for dramatic writing and would do my best. He told me that he'd soon find out. Then he asked me to write some copy for an advertisement headed: "How I regained my husband's love—a wife's FRANK confession."

Because I wanted to do a good job on that first advertisement, I worked on it hard. When it was finished Mr. Phipps seemed satisfied. The agency got an artist to illustrate my copy with a drawing of a skinny woman crying in a chair while her husband walked resolutely out of the door.

I was very proud of the advertisement when it appeared as a half page in the New York *Journal*. I took it home and showed it to Father. He read every word carefully. I was surprised by his reaction.

"I want you to answer me truthfully, Son," he said. "Since the other night there's something that's been disturbing your mother and me. Are you thinking of getting married?"

I stared at him aghast.

"No," I answered. "Whatever made you think that I was?"

"Well," Father explained, "we never hear you call any girl on the phone except that Eve Waters. Then there's this sudden interest of yours in a job instead of college. If you want to go to college you can go, you know."

I thanked him but added that I thought I'd keep on working.

But I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for until some days later when I discovered that Dr. John A. Harris who owned the advertising agency had a lot of other interests. He was also New York's millionaire Spe-

cial Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of traffic, and there never was a man who was more enthusiastic about law and order.

Dr. Harris was a short man with an enormous chest and a handsome Vandyke beard. Among his hobbies were nine imported cars and a middle-aged inventor named Thomas Madigan.

Mr. Madigan had a secret workshop somewhere on Long Island where he was always inventing things. When showing his gadgets to Dr. Harris he used me as a reluctant but thoroughly intimidated guinea pig.

One creation of Mr. Madigan's fertile mind was a nightstick with a flashlight in the head. He demonstrated it in Dr. Harris' darkened private office with the shades pulled down. I played the part of a prowler.

"He's somewhere in this room!" Mr. Madigan called out fiercely as I lurked uncertainly in the corner.

The beam of his flashlight found me. He approached warily and rapped me smartly on the wrist with the nightstick. Startled, I backed into the water cooler which crashed to the floor and Dr. Harris' expensive rug.

Dr. Harris turned on the lights and shook his head. The invention wasn't very practical, he said. This did not discourage Mr. Madigan. A week later he appeared with another flashlight invention. This was a large oblong box that had red, yellow, and green lights.

"You're a traffic cop," he said as he fastened the box to my stomach with a belt. "You're directing automobiles to stop and go."

He took me by the arm and hurried me into Dr. Harris' office to give a demonstration. By this time Dr. Harris as well as Mr. Madigan sort of took it for granted that I was the official demonstrator. Now Mr. Madigan himself played the part of several automobiles.

I saw Dr. Harris' face light up with

appreciation. He was enthusiastic. He sent out word to Mr. Phipps that someone else would have to write copy in my place. I was needed to give demonstrations for police and other New York city officials interested in solving the traffic problem.

One day in the course of a demonstration I ceased to simulate an illuminated traffic cop. I don't know just whose idea it was but I think it was Dr. Harris'. Suddenly I was standing on his cushioned swivel chair impersonating a twenty-five-foot "railroad tower." This made a terrific hit with the traffic experts. For several days following, there were frequent conferences. Even the mayor came. And every time I would be called into the office to play "railroad tower."

Then one day I was no longer needed as a demonstrator. A real traffic tower was being constructed at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The tower, of wood and steel, was built twenty-five feet high right in the middle of the intersection.

Like Mr. Madigan's battery box it had red, yellow, and green signal lights. I went to the ceremonies. The police band blared. The Mayor spoke. So did Dr. Harris, who pointed out that many cities, towns, and villages throughout the country were already adopting this traffic-light system.

He didn't mention that I had been the original, unwitting model for it.

One night I got home later than usual. Father and Mother had almost finished supper.

"I kept yours hot," said Bertha. "A nice noodle charlotte. Also a young lady called. Miss Waters. You should call her back."

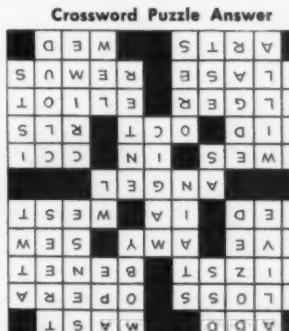
My heart beat a little faster at that. She once told me that she didn't think it quite right for a girl to phone a fellow. Whatever she had to say must be important. Eve had never called me before. I looked at the phone nearby. I glanced at Father and Mother still drinking their coffee. I tried to think of a pretext to go around the corner and phone Eve from the booth in Drinker's Drug Store.

"Well," said Father, "aren't you going to phone her?"

I went to the phone and called her. Eve was bubbling over with news. She had been offered the part of ingenue with a professional stock company in Michigan. She was taking the train on the following morning. She would be gone for two months.

"Oh," I said weakly. I was terribly disappointed.

"Oh, what?" demanded Eve brightly. "Aren't you even going to congratulate me? Besides I've had some photographs taken. I'm going to give you an autographed one as I promised."



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

"That's fine," I said. I looked around and saw that Father and Mother were listening with interest. I couldn't tell Eve the way I really felt. I suddenly was too confused to know, myself.

"Look, Eve," I said, "I want to see you tonight."

"I'm awfully busy," she said, "I've all my packing to do."

"Then let me help you," I suggested desperately.

"No," she answered. "But maybe I could see you for about an hour. I could give you my autographed picture."

"I'll be up," I promised joyfully and hung up the phone.

Father looked at me quizzically. "Maybe you'd like to use the car, Son," he said.

I took Eve for a ride through Central Park. I wanted to tell her a lot of things. I didn't tell her that I had intended to become a playwright and write plays for her and that somehow I hadn't been able to get started. But when I gave her my high school pin I did tell her that I was going to miss her. She promised to wear it.

On to College

That Sunday I went with Father and Mother for a picnic. Father brought along an iron grill and a big steak and a bag of charcoal. I drove the car.

When we got to Bronxville I drove off the road into the fields. I parked near a hill. We walked up the hill and Father and I built a fire while Mother strolled around and admired the view.

Before long she came back and watched as Father placed the steak in the grill, salting it carefully. She gave a little nod of content when he held it over the fire.

"What's the matter, Son?" Father asked later. "Steak too rare?"

"No," I said, reaching for the plate in his outstretched hand, "it looks fine. I guess I was just thinking of something else."

"Eve Waters?" Father asked as he poured a cup of coffee from the vacuum jug.

"My job too," I added. "It isn't turning out the way I expected it to. I guess I'll quit when the college term starts again. I'd like to go to Columbia and study journalism. And maybe take a course in playwriting."

Father nodded in agreement. "If that's what you really want to do it's all right with me," he said. "A young man your age gets a lot of ideas in his head before he even begins to settle down."

"And you're still pretty young, you know. I guess the way Mother and I think of you you're hardly out of knee pants."

Letter Contest

Write us. Tell us what your favorite feature in *Literary Cavalcade* is—and why. The writer of the most interesting letter will receive an award of a current best-selling book of his or her choice, inscribed for assembly presentation. Closing day of the letter contest for this issue is November 27. The best letters will be published in the January issue. Address your letter to: Letter Contest, *Literary Cavalcade*, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

YOUR response to our first letter contest of this school year was overwhelming. Your letters arrived in stacks and stacks every day and literally poured on the closing day of the contest. We enjoyed reading every one of them. We thank, personally, each of you who told us what your favorite feature was in the October issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

The award for the most interesting letter goes to Mary Elizabeth Mudd of Baraboo Senior High School, Baraboo, Wisconsin. Mary will receive a current best-selling book of her choice, inscribed for assembly presentation. Here is her letter:

Dear Editor:

Your story, "The House," certainly gave my taste buds for literature the most delightful sensation that they have had in many a moon.

I felt a certain feeling of knowingness from the fact that I was actually reading a short, short story written by a Frenchman, someone who is not of our own country. This also gave me a different approach to the story, as all the time I was reading it I was looking for something to give me a new perspective.

The plot of the story, I thought, was exceptionally different. I had my own conclusions as to the ending of the story, when all of a sudden they were changed with a boom. It had a certain dreamlike air which is undefinable, but is oddly weird, with an out-of-this-world feeling. The story seemed to delight in leading me on, to abruptly telling me that I followed the wrong path.

Mary Elizabeth Mudd

Another letter that the editors thought you would enjoy came from George Ralph of Harvey High School, Painesville, Ohio. George liked Robert P. Tristram Coffin's poem, "Forgive My Guilt," best of all the features in the magazine. And he had a personal reason. Here it is:

Dear Editor:

The one feature that I liked above all others in the October *Literary Cavalcade* was the poem by Robert Coffin, "Forgive My Guilt." Nothing, no matter how many more words were used,

could make one see the "jagged ivory bones where wings should be" or hear the heart-sickening cries of "those slender flutes of sorrow" more than this piece of literature.

I know exactly the writer's feelings when he deprived those two beauties of the sky the right to fly, for I, too, am guilty of such a sin, as Mr. Coffin rightly terms it. It was a robin—just a robin—but still a creature that deserved the right to the air. Even so, I deliberately raised the air rifle and fired a shot—one single shot. But that one single small shot was enough to render a feathery wing forever helpless. I watched as it plunged downward and disappeared in the tree tops, my heart sinking with the bird.

I know I will never again be able to hunt a thing of the wild, for the sight of that crippled creature of God haunts me day and night as it does the poet.

George Ralph

The condensation of Henry Gregor Felsen's book, *Hot Rod*, was the overwhelming favorite in the issue. The letters on *Hot Rod* were all interesting, but one we liked especially was written by Richard Young of Robbinsdale (Minn.) High School. We think you'll agree.

Dear Editor:

Today in our English class I had my first look at your magazine. I have read almost all of it and enjoyed it very much. I especially enjoyed the condensation of the novel *Hot Rod*. Like many others I would like to make a "rod" out of my car, but haven't the money.

I liked the condensation because it tells the story of many amateur "hot rodders." Actually, real "hot rodders" are careful, expert drivers who use their cars at the lakes or on the tracks. It is the kids in their stripped-down "shot-rods" that give the great sport of racing its bad name.

If high schoolers would think of "hot rodding" as a sport instead of a crazy, idiotic fraternity in which young kids try to kill themselves in junk piles held together with wire, we would be much better off. I myself have ideas of becoming an Indianapolis star. Thanks for a good magazine. Richard Young

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

Snake Dance

This short short story grows out of the "little white lie" that a boy tells his mother during a long-distance phone call. Not till the surprise ending do you really know what's fact and what's fiction. Write T opposite a true statement. F opposite a false one.

- 1. Jerry has a football scholarship at Dover.
- 2. He practically won the Dover-Alvord game single-handed.
- 3. The victorious snake dancers are on their way to Semple's.
- 4. Jerry's girl, Helen, hasn't answered his last letter.
- 5. Jerry works as a "soda jerk" at Semple's.

Football in the Heart of Texas

These choice questions will recall to your mind the highlights of H. Allen Smith's comic invasion of the Lone Star State. In the space opposite each letter, write the number of the correct answer.

- a. Squinting is a Texas mannerism which the author learned in
 - 1. Texas
 - 2. Illinois
 - 3. Florida
- b. His teacher was a
 - 1. real-estate salesman

- 2. football coach
- 3. sportswriter turned press agent
- c. In order to understand the Spanish-speaking Bowie players, the author
 - 1. joins the coach on the bench
 - 2. enrolls in the Berlitz School of Languages
 - 3. buys a 25¢ pamphlet
- d. To release their high spirits, Bowie fans have a curious custom of throwing
 - 1. ripe tomatoes
 - 2. lemons
 - 3. spitballs
- e. The Texas "national anthem" is sung to the tune of
 - 1. "America the Beautiful"
 - 2. "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad"
 - 3. "Sweet Lelani"

Thanasphere

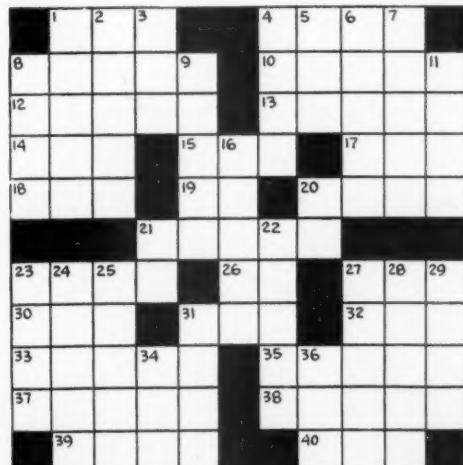
"What next?" you'll ask after reading this highly imaginative story. Perhaps these fact questions will bring you "down to earth" again! Fill in the missing words.

- 1. According to fundamental physics, a projectile fired into space in x direction at y miles per hour will travel in the _____ z .
- 2. The broadcast from outer space comes in on an ultra-high-_____ band.
- 3. Lt. General Franklin Dane is in charge of Project _____.
- 4. Major Rice has controls for landing the space ship once it hits the _____.
- 5. To the "dead space" beyond the stratosphere Dr. Grossinger gives the fanciful name, _____.

Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

Books and Authors

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are taken from the names of well-known authors or from the titles of well-known books. See how many of these starred words (there are 27) you can get. Allow yourself three points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. If you get all the words you should have a total score of 102. Answers are on page 31, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



ACROSS

- 1. Shakespeare's *Much _____ About Nothing*.
- 4. Dana's *Two Years Before the _____*.
- 8. Eliot's *The Mill on the _____*.
- 10. Music drama.
- 12. Hungarian composer. Franz _____.
- 13. Author of "The Devil and Daniel Webster," Stephen Vincent _____.
- 14. _____ Maria.
- 15. American poetess, author of "Patterns": Lowell.
- 17. Stitch.
- 18. Nickname for Theodore Abbott, for "Iowa."
- 20. Pulitzer Prize winner by the author of *The Big Sky*, *The Way _____*.
- 21. Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, _____*.
- 23. Inspires respect.
- 26. *Giant _____ the Earth*.
- 27. 201 in Roman numerals.
- 30. Concealed.
- 31. Abbrev. for "October."
- 32. Robert Louis Stevenson often signed himself in this way.
- 33. Author of many rags to riches books was Horatio _____ Jr.
- 34. Author of *Silas Marner*, George _____.
- 37. French word which means bored in English.
- 38. Joel Chandler Harris wrote the stories of Brer Rabbit as Uncle _____.
- 39. The liberal _____.
- 40. Married.

DOWN

- 1. A man attends his own funeral in Arnold Bennett's *Buried _____*.
- 2. Napped.
- 3. Abbrev. for "Office of Strategic Services."
- 4. Great novel of whaling by Melville, *_____ Dick*.
- 5. Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy _____*.
- 6. Jane Austen's _____ and *Sensibility*.
- 7. Joyce Kilmer's poem.
- 8. Bret Harte's short story, "The Outcasts of Poker _____".
- 9. A Sherlock Holmes story is called "The Adventure of the Second _____".
- 11. Abbrev. for "atomic weight" (2 words).
- 16. Thomas Mann's *The _____ Mountain*.
- 20. Abbrev., "wave length."
- 21. Gladys Hasty Carroll's *_____ the Earth Turns*.
- 22. Come in.
- 23. Captain of the *Pequod* _____ 4 Down.
- 24. Author of *My Antonia*, Cather (see *Lit Cav*, Dec., 1949).
- 25. Allan Poe.
- 27. Dostoevsky's _____ and *Punishment*.
- 28. In Shelley's poem, this "brings fresh showers."
- 29. Followers of a doctrine, as commun _____.
- 31. Metallic rocks.
- 34. Abbrev. for "Eastern Standard Time."
- 36. Author of *Ben Hur*, Wallace.

Chucklebait

GROUCHO . . . THE MAN FROM MARX

By Leo C. Rosten

MY life was never the same after Groucho Marx learned my phone number. At one time or another, I have been telephoned by a barnacle scraper named Formosa Greuleneheimer, by the president of the Society for Counterfeit Money, by Captain Raoul P. Clamhead of the Iranian FBI. I have been awakened at ungodly hours to be asked whether I wanted my lawn reseeded, or my children sold.

My wife has been tipped off to the fact that originally I had two heads; my eleven-year-old son has been accused of being a midget who graduated from Yale in 1908, whom I keep undersized by the injection of antigland juices. It hasn't been an easy life.

Zany Unlimited

One night, when I was riding in a car with this creature from the moon, I suddenly remembered that it was my father's birthday. "Stop at a Western Union office," I said. "I want to wire my father." "What's the matter?" asked Groucho. "Can't he stand up by himself?"

His way with those who believe in reason is devastating. In the middle of a political discussion, he is liable to rise gravely and announce, "Gentlemen, they have fired on Fort Sumter." After the last election, on the day Dewey broke off diplomatic relations with Gallup, Marx issued the following statement: "The only way a Republican is going to get into the White House is by marrying Margaret."

Many public-spirited citizens have tried to stump him. During all the years the four Marx Brothers were the darlings of Broadway, Chico, no slouch as a zany himself, tried to throw Groucho off-balance. In a show mysteriously



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called *I'll Say She Is*, Chico was in the wings watching the scene in which Groucho, as Napoleon, was making demented love to Josephine. Chico decided to step on stage suddenly, announcing, "Emperor, the garbage man is here!" His triumphant grin was erased when Groucho replied, "Tell him we don't want any."

At a baseball game a second baseman incurred his wrath by striking out, popping up, and striking out again. In the ninth inning, this unfortunate soul managed to hit a double. Groucho said bitterly, "That's the first time in his life that guy's been on second without a glove."

Two years ago, the delinquent mind of Groucho Marx was drafted into the service of ABC for a quiz-show entitled *You Bet Your Life*. On one program, when a contestant developed mike-fright, unable to utter a word, Groucho said, "Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped."

When a member of the House of Representatives said he earned his living in Congress, Groucho asked, "How long have you been incongruous?" When a woman confessed she was "approaching 40," the master queried, "From which direction?"

"I Shot an Elephant in My Pajamas"

His puns are little short of criminal. Talk about big-game hunting, and he is likely to go off on a monologue such as the one he made famous in *Animal Crackers*. "Once I went big-game hunting in Africa. What an active life we led! Up at 6, breakfast at 6:15, back in bed by 6:30. One day I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got into my pajamas, I'll never know. It was hard to get his tusks off In Alabama, the Tuscaloosa."

The antic universe in which the man lives can further be illustrated by excerpts from his radio asylum:

GROUCHO: So you came here from Australia. How did you get to the United States?

GIRL: I flew over, by plane.

GROUCHO: A girl would be a fool to try it any other way.

* * *

GROUCHO: Is it true that you wrestlers fake most of your matches?

PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER: That's a dirty rumor!

GROUCHO: How many dirty rumors have you wrestled lately?

In closing, I must confess that I undertook this article with a good deal of uneasiness. I knew that while writing it I would be overcome by the feeling that I was haunted. I especially feared that after Mr. Marx had read what I have written—oh, Lord, my telephone is ringing!

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